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LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER.

From a work published in England in 1828, now first republished in this country in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Josh. Hudson is entitled to great praise, for the exertions he displayed in seconding Langan; also to Tom Reynolds, who never lost sight of the interest of his man. Under all the circumstances of the case, Langan must be pronounced a pugilist of a superior quality. Time and experience will do well for him: he has got nothing but good stuff about him: and his heart is in the right place. It was, in our humble opinion, positively no match, that is to say, by comparison. It is, however, true, Spring won the stakes, but his greatest admirers declared, without hesitation, that he had not increased his fame by this victory. The caution of Spring does not please the lovers of down right-milling, although they like to pocket the blunt by his victories. Langan has raised himself high indeed the estimation of the supporters in of the P. R. Unknown to all the amateurs—a perfect stranger to the boxers, and a rough uncultivated commoner, (and a hot-headed Irishman in the bargain,) to stand forth and select the most accomplished pugilist on the list, (and the Champion of England, too) for his first customer in the P. C. ropes; and to contend with the said Champion for two hours and twenty-nine minutes, and then declare, in a minute afterwards, that he was so little hurt, he could fight forty more rounds, is a volume of praise in itself.

At the conclusion of the fight, Cribb said to Langan, "You are a brave man, indeed." "I never saw a better," echoed Painter. Even betting occurred several times in the fight for small sums; and 6 to 4 offered for light bets, after they had been fighting for two hours, on Langan, by his warm-hearted country-men.

After considerable dispute on the subject, the money was given up to Spring, who was challenged by Langan to fight him on a stage for £500 aside.

The following is Spring's reply:

To the Editor of Pierce Egan's Life in London:

SIR,—I can bear the bullying of Langan no longer; but will, by the consent of my friends, meet him upon the terms demanded in his last letter. I will be at Cribb's on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock, to stake £100, and settle the business at once

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

T. W. SPRING.

84, High-street, Mary-le-bonne.

Langan accepted of Spring's invitation, and honest Tom Cribb's crib, on Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1824, was all the go, and at a very early period of the evening not a seat was to be had for begging or paying, or to be obtained either for love or money. The tap-room might be compared to a mob: the parlor crowded to excess: the first floor crammed almost to suffocation: the second floor where Spring perched himself, to receive his opponent, much worse, operating upon the feelings of the visitors something like the Black Hole at Calcutta: and the stairs were filled from the top to the bottom. So great was the curiosity excited by the event of making the above great match. The veteran Champion was up to his "eyes in business," anxiously endeavouring to accomodate every visitor. The heavy-wet machine was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, in order to allay the thirst of the chaffing coves; the daffy also handed about in copious draghts; lots of black ink disposed of like fun; myriads of rummers of *eau de vie* and water; bottles of sherry, and all the good things of this life, gingling against each other, to the end of the chapter. The house was not one-third big enough, and hundreds of persons went away, quite angry and disappointed. Notwithstanding the activity displayed in the bar by three industrious females, with the assistance of Mr. Paap, the German dwarf, (good luck to Tom Cribb, for his kindness and charity towards this little man in miniature!) and additional waiters in every room, still half of the company were compelled to be dry visitors; not a drop of suction could they procure; and if they had been accommodated they were all so jammed together, that they could not have got their hands up to their mouths. This scene was of three hours' duration, and fears were expressed that the match would not be made. At length a rattler stopped at the door, and the cry was—"he's come." This sentence was conveyed through all the rooms like an electric shock. Tom Belcher first made his apperance, followed by Langan, in a military cloak, and the rear was brought up by the President of the D. C. The street-door was immediately closed, to prevent an improper rush, and a sentinal was also placed at the door of the stairs. The Irish Champion seated himself in the first floor, and the curiosity to get a peep at him almost exceeds belief. "Hats off," "Sit down," &c. &c. Langan drank Spring's health in a glass of wine, and the company in return drank the health of Langan. Spring, on being informed Langan had arrived, sent word to the Irish Champion he was ready with the blunt. Cribb, who was very lame, hobbled up stairs to meet his old opponent, and to "argufy the topic" in a parliamentary style, across the table. Belcher then produced a draft of the articles, to which he said Langan was prepared to sign his name. These articles were immediately read, and were as follows:—

"Memorandum of an agreement entered into between Thomas Winter Spring and John Langan, at Thomas Cribb's, Panton-street, on the 2d of March, 1824.

"It is hereby agreed between Thomas Winter Spring and John Langan, to fight on a twenty-four feet stage, on Tuesday, the 8th of June, 1824, for £500 aside—to be a fair stand-up fight, half-minute time---umpires to be chosen by each party, and a referee to be chosen on the ground by the umpires. The fight to take place within one hundred miles of London, and the place to be named by Mr. Jackson. The men to be in the ring between twelve and one o'clock, unless prevented by magisterial interference. Fifty pounds of the money are now deposited in the hands of the stakeholder. Mr.——, Fifty pounds more to be deposited, on the 17th of March, at Mr. John Randall's, Hole-in-the-Wall, Chancery lane; £200, to be deposited at Mr. Thomas Cribb's, on the 1st of May; and the remainder of £500 to be made good at Mr. Thomas Belcher's, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, on the 1st of June; and in case of failure on either side, the money deposited to be forfeited.

"The stage to be boarded with deal plank, at least three inches thick, and to be six feet from the ground, without turf. The bottle-holders and seconds to retire to the corners of the ring, when the men shall have set-to, and not approach the combatants till one or both of them shall be down.

"The expenses of the stage to be equally borne by each of the men."

Such were the articles proposed, but to these Spring took exceptions; first expressing his desire that the present deposit should be £100 instead of £50; but this objection, after a few remarks, he waived. He then objected to the day named for the fight to take place, proposing the 25th of May, instead of the 8th of June: and, lastly, he insisted that the second £50 should be deposited on the 13th of March, instead of the 17th, upon the ground that the 17th had been appointed for Reynolds' benefit, and he did not wish to lend himself to this additional attraction to the public. A good deal of discussion followed, but, finally, there was mutual concession, Spring agreeing to fight on the 8th of June, and Langan agreeing to make his second deposit on the 13th, instead of the 17th of March. All difficulties being thus cleared away, there were one or two verbal alterations made in the articles and a paragraph was added, by which it was agreed, "that when the whole of the money was made good, it should be deposited in the hands of Mr. Jackson."

Spring, in alluding to the expenses of erecting the stage, said he thought it but fair, as this was Langan's fancy, that he should bear the whole expense. To which Langan replied, "See, now, Tom; say nothing about that, for if I win, and I think I will, I'll bear the whole expense of the stage myself [loud cheers]. But, howsomever, that's neither here nor there, I hope the best man will win; and though we are going to fight, it's myself that would go a hundred miles to serve you; for I have no antipathy or ill-blood towards you whatever".

The President of the Daffy-Club was then appointed the stakeholder. The articles being properly signed and witnessed, and every thing relative to the pugilistic war having been settled quite comfortably on both sides, Langan and his pals made their bows, and returned in a drag to finish the darkey at the Castle Tavern.

Spring and Langan, according to their articles of agreement, met on Saturday evening, the 13th of March, at Randall's, made £100 aside good towards the completion of the great stakes of one thousand sovereigns. They met together like good fellows, brave men, and intimate friends. In the course of the evening, Langan proposed the health of Spring. He also rebuked several of his partisans, who frequently shouted out, "Well done, Langan! Bravo, Jack!" &c. "I hate these sort of remarks, said the Irish Champion, "they are calculated to make ill blood and provoke animosity, which it is my most sincere wish to prevent, if possible. All I want is, that we may meet as friends, and have a comfortable pleasant mill on the 8th of June!" Sixty to forty was offered by a Gent. from Yorkshire upon Spring; "I will bet £70 to £40," said the latter. "I'll take it, Tom," replied Langan. Before the Champion separated, Spring betted with Langan £580 to £168, that he would win the battle. The above evening was spent with the utmost good humor by all parties.

The second great match between Langan and Spring, was decided on Tuesday, June 8, 1824, contiguous to Man Wood, close to Birdham Bridge, within three miles of Chichester, and 66 miles from the Metropolis. This match was for one thousand sovereigns.

Chichester, was overflowing with company as soon as it was known to be the right scent. Amongst the gay company, which arrived at the Swan Hotel in the course of Monday, was the celebrated Corinthian Tom [Mr. Wrench,] his friend Bob Logic having arrived a few hours before him. In excellent spirits and health, Spring, with his backer, Mr. Sant, also reached the above hotel about eight o'clock in the evening, and were received with three loud cheers. Colonel O'Neal, Langan, Belcher, &c., arrived nearly at the same time at the Dolphin Hotel, and were equally well received by the populace. Dabs were now in high request, and the downy ones were not to be had by the commoners. Snoozing was out of the question; to obtain a few winks was a treat: the arrival of carriages, the noise of the tinklers, and the calls for the dab covess throughout the darkey, if it did not put the flats fly, it made them awake; yet still they had a good price to pay for it.

Early on Tuesday morning the bustle of the scene increased; and the whole town was as lively and gay as Bond street. The stages from London, Portsmouth, Brighton. &c., brought lots of customers: and the swells came galloping in as fast as four tits could get them over the ground. Single horse chaises, carts, waggons, and vehicles of every description. It was a new feature to the peaceful inhabitants of Chichester altogether: they were all abroad with surprise; and the mugs of the yokels exhibited gape seed enough to have filled a corn chandler's shop. The morning passed off quickly, till it was time to start for the field of battle.

The stage was built securely, according to the articles, and said to be well adapted for the purpose: an outer roped ring was formed at some distance, behind which the spectators on foot were placed; and the whole was surrounded by numerous waggons, forming an amphitheater. Two small stands were erected for the accommodation of the tip-top persons of society, and every individual witnessed the fight with as much ease as if sitting in their own dwellings.

A few minutes before one o'clock, Spring, arm in arm with his backer and a baronet, made his way through the crowd towards the stage, and was received with loud huzzas: Cribb and Painter close behind him. Spring threw up his hat, which alighted upon the stage; he then ascended the ladder, and jumped over the rails.

While Spring was taking off hisboots, Cribb and Ned Painter put on knee-caps, made of shamoy leather, and stuffed with wool, on account of the following circumstance. It having been circulated in Ireland, that Painter used his knee against Langan, when he was on the ground in the fight at Worchester, a Serjeant-Major in a marching regiment quartered at Norwich, and occasionally visiting the house of Painter, observed, "By J——s, Mr. Painter, I'll take care you do not hurt Langan this time with your knees: I will have a couple of knee-caps made for you both, and if you mean to give Jack fair play, I insist that you wear them during the battle." The Sergeant had them made according to his own order; and as Ned Painter and Tom Cribb are lovers of fair play, and no imputation should be levelled against their characters, both of these pugilists, with the utmost good humor, placed the caps, tied with a narrow blue ribbon, round their knees.

Langan immediately followed, under the patronage of Colonel O'Neal: Langan was also cheered. Belcher, Harmer, and O'Neal his bottle-holder, were in attendance. The Irish Champion ascended the stage, and in a very modest manner dropped his hat upon the stage. He was perfectly prepared for action; but the Champion not being ready, he walked up and down the boards with the utmost composure.

A black silk handkerchief was placed loosely round Langan's neck, which we understand was tied by the delicate hands of the lady of a gallant Irish Col. O'B——, before he left the inn, at which the lady stopped in her journey to the Isle Wight. Mrs. O'B——, offered him a green handkerchief, as a token of his country; but Langan politely refused, saying, "I am not of importance enough to make it a national affair; I do not wish it, indeed, Madam: it is merely to decide which is the best man; therefore, if you please, I prefer a black one, having fought under that color." Mrs. O'B——, on tying it round his neck, romantically exclamed, "You are Irish: color is immaterial to a brave man: glory is your only object. Go, then, and conquer!" Langan returned thanks very politely for the attention paid to him, and the good wishes of the lady. Every thing being ready, the colors, dark blue with bird's eye for Spring, and black for Langan, were tied to the stage, and Mr. Jackson arranged the spectators round the ring in an orderly and comfortable manner: the battle commenced. Betting 2 to 1, and 5 to 2.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The English Ring.

From Bell's Life, January 15.

FIGHTS TO COME.

FEB 14. Poulson and Paddock—100 a side, London.

FEB 14. Malpas and Brittle—£50 a side Dudley.

FEB 28. Tom Sayers and Sims—£50 to £25, London.

MAR 25. Pat Murphy and Andy Moore—£50 a side, Dublin.

APRIL 4. Jones of Portsmouth and George Crockett—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 11. The Spider and Alfred Walker---£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham--£100 a side, London.

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

MALPAS AND BRETTLE.—We have received a further deposit of £5 a side for this match. The next is to be forwarded on Thursday.

Tom Lane will make a match with Billy Jordan, at 10st 4lb, for £50 aside, and fight in the London district. Articles and a deposit sent to us will ensure a match.

Ben Bandoff wishes to fight Jem Parker, for £25. Man and money ready at Mr. Jacob's, King of Prussia, Middlesex street, Whitechapel.

Nobby Clark will fight any man in the world (catch weight,) for £100 aside. Money ready at his own house, Spitalfields, Whitechapel, Liverpool.

The Late Fight Between Nolan and Robinson.

James Nolan, Charles Jones, and Jos. M'Night, surrendered on Friday, the 6th inst, to take their trial on a charge of riot and assault, at the Cheshire General Quarter Sessions, holden at Knutsford, before H. Mainwaring, Esq, and a bench of magistrates. Mr. Brandt appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. M'Intyre for the defence. It appeared, from the opening statement of Mr. Brandt, that, in pursuance of an advertisement which had been inserted in Bell's Life, it was arranged that a fight should take place between Nolan and a man of color, named Robinson, for £15 a side, on the 6th of December last, and that the backers and friends of the contending parties having had sad experience of the activity of the Cheshire police, were anxious that the event should come off in the neighbouring county of Stafford; accordingly, the office having been given, the two men, accompanied by some 200 of the Manchester and Liverpool Fancy, arrived, on the day in question, at the Basford station, on the London and North Western line, and on the confines of the two counties. Having chosen an eligible site for the contest, a ring was duly formed, referee, &c, chosen, and the fight commenced, unhappily, however, just within the jurisdiction of the constabulary force of the county of Chester. After some 30 or 40 rounds had been fought, the betting being even, a cry was raised that the "Peelers" were upon them, and stealing out of the fog were seen five of these objectionable gentlemen. At first it was thought that they hailed from Staffordshire, and this view was borne out by the fact that one of them had formerly been a member of the Stafford police body. When, however, the sad conviction forced itself upon the minds of the spectators, that, as some described it, they were about to be "Cheshired," dismay prevailed, and all took to their heels. Nolan was captured after a smart chase in fighting costume, and Robinson was also taken about the same time; the latter, however, was rescued after a severe struggle by the other defendants, and a riot took place, in which the constables were somewhat hardly used. Several witnesses were examined in support of these facts, one of whom deposed that he had seen few prize fights managed in a more orderly manner, and the case was proceeding when Mr. M'Intyre said that he could not deny that the defendants were all there taking part in the transaction. The chairman observed that although they had acted illegally, inasmuch as the police were perfectly justified in arresting the principals in order that they might be bound over to keep the peace, yet it was a strong point in their favor that they had in the first instance dispersed.

Mr. Brandt said that he was not at all anxious to press the case, which he would leave in the hands of the court. A verdict of Guilty was therefore taken, and the defendants, having been bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, left the court, which was crowded by their friends and admirers, in high glee. A bench warrant has been issued for the apprehension of Robinson, but it was found impossible to execute it, as in the mean time he had been consigned to the care of the governor of the New Bailey at Salford on a charge of having broken a poker on the head of a policeman. Nolan declares that he will be "Cheshired" no more, but will come to London, where he expects he will have fair play. We have received at least a dozen letters from different persons, all of which concur in stating that the money is to be drawn, but as each claims that it shall be sent to him, we cannot act in the matter until we have some more certain data to go upon.

Pugilistic Benevolent Association.

At a meeting of this association on Wednesday last, it was ascertained that the receipts of the benefit on Monday, January 2d, only reached £19 17s, the smallest amount yet realised by any benefit. There was a very thin attendance, and very little business was done. One new rule, proposed by Harry Broome, was agreed to, to which we will refer next week. Two new honorary members were enrolled on the payment of their first annual subscription of two guineas each. Their initials are Capt. J. P., through Jem Burn, and C. R. C. We have also received 5s from two friends of Jemmy Shaw. Another meeting is to be held on Wednesday week, when, as a good deal of business outstanding, it is hoped there will be a large muster. On that day annual subscriptions of honorary members will be payable,

THE MILL BETWEEN JERRY NOON AND JACK GREEN (Croft's Black), for £50 a side.

In our earliest edition of last Sunday, we stated that the mill, or pantomime, or whatever it was to be, between the eccentric Jerry Noon and Billy Croft's ebony (would be) phenomenon, was to come off on Saturday week, and that we would state the result in our latest edition of that week, deferring a more detailed account of the proceedings to this day. The former part of our promise was duly performed, and we now complete our agreement and place before our readers a history of the way in which the contest was won. To give a *resume* of the performances of the renowned Jerry would be but a repetition to most of our readers, and to the curious on the matter we recommend a reference to the pages of *Fistiana*. Mr. Green and his doings are however, somewhat "darker," and we have no doubt that many are at a loss to imagine what could have induced him to enter the lists with so accomplished a practitioner as master Jerry. A few words as to his antecedents will, therefore, not be out of place. He is either a native or descended from a native of the land of niggers, but how or when he arrived in this country is a mystery. His first chaperon in the fistic world was Nat Langham, who, seeing him shoeless and almost shirtless, took him in hand, and enabled him to earn a few "browns" by putting on the gloves in his booth at country fairs. Mr. Green was then almost ignorant of the value of money, and a shilling appeared to him to be untold wealth. He subsequently obtained a footing in London, and was taken in hand by Mr. Nevy (Jem Burn), who matched him against Fred. Dickenson, with whom he made his *debut* in the P. R., and after a scrambling performance of upwards of four hours, during which the men were as often on the ground as on their legs, he had to succomb to the superior tactics of his light-colored opponent. After this he became a sort of hanger-on at the establishments of some gentlemen who love a "box" in more ways than one—and under their guidance made many attempts to get on a match. For a long time he was unsuccessful, but at length a hasty affair was got up between him and the British Shylock (alias Patton's Waiter). This farcical performance came off in the same ring as the second fight between Jones and Donnelly, and Mr. Green here managed to come off a winner. The little episode of Charley Mallett's pincushion on this occasion will be fresh in the memories of the gentlemen who were present on the occasion. After this glorious (?) victory, Mr. Green's rise in his own estimation was as sudden as it was great. His toggery underwent a complete renovation, and he stalked through the streets a perfect sable hero. His name, like his uppercrust, also underwent a change, and he now, we believe, rejoices in the grand title of John Augustus Edward Plantagenet Green. Whether this sudden change in his own estimation had any effect upon his friends, or whether they wished to "take a rise out of him," we cannot say, but certain it is that, after many challenges to humble opponents, he was at length pitted against his present adversarry. The affair was kept very quiet, and an unusual day was appointed in order to throw dust in the eyes of the beaks, and, if possible ensure the mill coming off without interference, and in this the managers were perfectly successful. To Dan Dismore was entrusted the task of choosing a spot and engaging the necessary vehicles. To the surprise of all, however, the backers of the men limited Dan to the banks of the Thames whereon to select a trysting place, and on Friday, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, he betook himself to Woolwich, in order to make his arrangements. The river was still full of floating ice, and he found it impossible to engage a steamer for the excursion; he therefore chartered all the smaller craft that were to be had, and entrusted to a well known river captain the duty of obtaining, if possible, a larger vessel by the following morning. On Saturday morning, which, by the by, was about as wet and unpleasant as could well be imagined, the men and their backers, accompanied by a very small proportion of the Fancy, betook themselves, *via* Eastern Counties Railway, to Woolwich, where, in addition to the small boats, a tug, under the command of the captain above alluded to, was in waiting, and a speedy embarkation was effected. Miniature icebergs were still plentiful, and everything was cold and cheerless; but in spite of all drawbacks, a mill was determined on, and a start took place. Amongst the travellers we were *reether* startled to find burly Jem Burn, who, although he had but recently recovered from a severe attack of gout, braved everything in order to be present at the pantomime. The spot selected was near the Half-way House, in Woolwich Reach, and here, on a landing being obtained, Fred Oliver, son of the commissary, quickly pitched his lists on the best piece of ground in the neighborhood, which was *only* ancle deep in snow and slush, most of the other portions of the marsh being fully knee deep. Little time was cut to waste in preparation. A referee (one of the best judges of a fight in existence) had been already appointed, and shortly before two o'clock the men entered the arena, Noon, attended by Jack Hannan and Ned Donnelly, and Mr. Green by Jack Macdonald and Jemmy Massey. Noon, on stripping, was evidently in first-rate trim, he had trained at Rottingdean, under the care of Donnelly, while the ebony gent, who had taken his breathings at Newmarket, under the supervision of Sam East, was also in good condition. He was a good stone heavier than Noon, and of such Herculean build as to render him an *apparently* dangerous customer to many a bigger man than his present opponent. Noon was quickly in fighting trim, but Mr. Green's toilette was too elaborate to be completed in a hurry. He was attired in a pair of scarlet breeches, while his lower limbs were graced by a pair of stockings with elegant and variegated clocks, the property of that prince of merrymen, the renowned Tom Barry. His brain canister was covered with a crimson silk cap, in which figured a plume of feathers, and altogether his appearance when he did toe the scratch was such as to raise a universal guffaw, even among his own admirers. While the preparations were going on 3 and 4 to 1 were freely offered on Noon, whose victory was regarded by most of those present as a dead certainty; 2 to 1 was pretty freely laid that he won within an hour, and these odds were greedily taken. The longer odds as to the ultimate result were not so eagerly snapped up, although it must be admitted that Mister Snowball did not lack supporters. At length, all being in readiness, at two o'clock precisely the men were conducted to the scratch, and business commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The Black danced about before his opponent like a mountebank, and on getting near him let fly his left on the cheek, Noon countering him with good effect on the ivories, drawing "first blood." A close instantly followed, and they got on the ropes, from which the Black fell, and was almost smothered in mud.

Round 2. Mr. Green, all grimace and contortion, was first at the scratch, but was quickly faced by Noon. The former did not show the same alacrity in dashing as he displayed in the first round, and Jerry was also cautious. His right knuckles were severely cut, evidently by the tap on Massa Jumbo's gob in the first round. A good deal of sparring and manœuvring took place until they got close, and Jerry delivered one for his nob. Some wild exchanges followed, in which no mischief was done. A close ensued, and Jerry threw his man a cross-buttock.

Round 3. After some little sparring, Noon took the initiative by planting the left on the nob, when, after some wild exchanges in a rally, they closed. At the ropes a sharp struggle ensued, in which the Black showed more strength than judgment, till at length the bout was ended by both going down.

Round 4. The Black was advised to go in and fight, and had no sooner come up than he instantly commenced operations. In dashing out the left, he got home with some considerable force on Noon's dial, who immediately returned the favor by putting in one with his damaged mawley. In a scramble they got to the ropes, when, after a good deal of pulling and hauling about, both went down, the Black being under.

Round 5. Jumbo came up grinning, while Noon, on the other hand, looked as serious as a psalm singer. The Black, after dodging about, attempted to deliver his left, but the blow was out of distance, though in making another trial he met with better success. Noon, in returning, hit out left and right, and succeeded in planting a stinger on the mouth. This brought them to a close, when the Black, who possessed no more idea of wrestling than a "coaly" does of algebra, was again thrown a burster. He did not seem to approve of this method of proceeding, and spluttered in an extraordinary fashion.

Round 6. The slightest of all possible exchanges, followed by a close at the ropes, when Massa Green, after hugging his man for some seconds, forced him down, and fell by his side.

Round 7. Having achieved something in the shape of success in the preceding bout, the "Morocco Prince" came up dancing like an Anthropophagus; and as he was advised to go in, go in he did. In leading, he was out of distance. Jerry returned with the left on the mug, and in a rally they closed, when both went down, the Black under.

Round 8. Some sharp exchanges to the ropes, when, after a protracted struggle, Jerry threw his man in an awkward manner; Cuffee, this time, amidst the convulsive laughter of those round the ring, cried louldly, "Foul, foul;" though what reason he had for so doing we know not.

Round 9. Counters with the left; a close, and Mister Green, after a struggle, down.

Round 10. Noon, in leading, planted the left slightly on the mug, when the Darky dashed to close quarters, and, after struggling at the ropes, went down.

Round 11. On time being called, the bit of ebony was the first to advance from his corner; but had not long to wait before the eccentric Jerry faced him. In leading, Mr. Green put in one on the cheek with the left, without effect, and in return received another equally harmless thwack from his opponent. In a close, the Black pulled and hauled in his usual inelegant style, till both went down.

Round 12. In a do-nothing kind of rally Jerry got on the ropes, when, after a struggle, in which the attempt to do something, on the part of the Black, was more apparent than the effect, they went down.

Round 13. Jack rushed at his opponent, but slipping, in consequence of the dreadful state of the ring, fell on his terminus in an unceremonious manner. Noon stood looking, and attempted to smile, but was in no condition to indulge his mirth, for there was that quivering of the nether lip that at once showed his system was thoroughly chilled. On being taken to his corner, he was carefully wrapped up, while Donnelly was busy rubbing his legs.

14. The dark-un, being urged to fight went in, though the exchanges that transpired were not delivered with any degree of force. In the usual struggle both went down, Jack being under.

15. After some little fencing, the Black began the attack, and succeeded in delivering a "snowball" on Master Jerry's head, who immediately gave an equivalent with the left on the kissing trap. In a close they got to the ropes, when the dard-un fell, narrowly escaping a bump against the middle stake, much to the delight of Fred Oliver, who had given up his stake as lost.

16. An extremely harmless rally, and both down.

17. Noon, after a little fiddling, put in a light un on the head, when the Black closed. What was done in the struggle is "nothing to nobody," for, if Jack did not know the way to grass his man, Noon could not teach him, so the Black, when he got to the ropes, went down as he liked.

18. The Black, on coming up, danced about, but did not appear the least inclined to begin. Noon was also exceedingly cautious, being almost powerless from the cold. At last the ball was opened by Noon popping in the left, and in the exchange that followed, they closed; the Black, after napping it once or twice on the body, went down, Noon only saving himself from falling by holding the ropes.

19. Slight exchanges, and both went down in a side fall.

20. After some ineffective left handed exchanges, they got together, and the bout terminated by both going down.

21. Snowball, in leading, planted the left on the cheek, and in return nailed a counter from Jerry on the maxzard. In another scrambling rally they closed and fell together.

22. Jerry was very weak from the cold, and seemed to have scarcely a hit left in him. The Black, urged to fight, went in but did nothing, and in a scramble both went down.

23. Jerry, like an "animated icicle," appeared at the scratch with a blanket on, and would not take it off until faced by his opponent. As regards milling nothing whatever was done, and after a struggle at the ropes Jerry went down.

24. After a slight exchange, they closed when the Black slipped and fell.

25. The contest was rapidly coming to a close, it being more a question of time than anything else. The Dark-un was now trembling like his opponent from head to foot, but whether from fear or cold we cannot say. He immediately closed, and, after a sharp bustle at the ropes, both down.

26. The little power that each man possessed was expended in harmless counters till both closed; the Black on getting near the ropes, went down.

27. Jerry planted his left on the nob, when the Snowball rolled in and closed with his antagonist. At the ropes they again struggled, and the round finished by Green going on his knees.

28. This bout may be thus chronicled---they met, closed, and fell.

29. Noon, to the surprise of all, planted a sharp hit with the left on the dial, when the Black instantly fell upon his terminus. This was something in the shape of a knock down blow

30 to 34 and last. In these rounds little or nothing was done until the last, when Noon planted a smart thwack somewhere near the mark, which instantly sent Mr. Green not to grass but to mud. On being picked up he complained of being hit "foul," and, in addition to this was so "queer" that he nearly doubled himself on his second's knee. M'Donald tried to get him again to renew the contest but in vain; he said Noon was too hard a hitter for him. Noon was acknowledged the winner, the contest having lasted one hour and twenty-two minutes.

REMARKS.

This contest—if contest it can be called—requires few comments at our hands. As a victory, it adds but little to Jerry Noon's reputation, seeing that his adversary never made a semblance of a struggle for the upper hand, but, whenever he was collared, knocked under. Had the gentleman in black possessed one spark of manly courage, he might have caused no little uneasiness to the backers of Noon by persevering, as the latter was several times so prostrate from the excessive cold and damp that he was clearly not himself. He was incapable of showing off in the way he expected, and he must attribute his victory almost entirely to the softness of his opponent's heart. Had the day been different, however, we think the backers of Noon against time would have won their bets, for it is perfectly clear that Massa John Edward Augustus Plantagenet Green is a colored gemman of a school which will not bear punching, and we are convinced that a few straight ones in the right place would have induced him to cry *peccavi* long before the hour elapsed. The career of this worthy as a boxer, we should imagine, is now at an end, as no man in his senses would back such a thorough dunghill when good men stand in need of patronage. We hear that in the course of the battle he indulged his cannibal propensities by inflicting a sharp bite upon Jerry's shoulder, from which the latter has since suffered considerable pain. As soon as possible after the termination of the sport all reembarked in their respective vessels, and were in due time landed at North Woolwich, whence they made the best of their way to the great metropolis; and thus ended the pantomime which ushered in the fistic performance of the year 1854.

The black, on reaching his headquarters at Jemmy Shaw's, displayed a potato-trap so out of shape from the visitations of Jerry Noon, that his natural good (?) looks were materially enhanced, and it seemed to be a great question among the frequenters of the Queen's Head whether he had not effected a change of nuts with the hippopotamus or the learned pig. The money has since been given to Noon, at Owen Swift's

The Game of Chess.

Twenty-sixth game of match between Messrs Harrwitz and Lowenthal,

(With notes by Harrwitz.)

BLACK.	WHITE.
Mr. H.	Mr. L.
1. K P 2	K P 2
2. K Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3
3. Q Kt to B 3	K B to Q Kt 5
4. K B to Q B 4	Q P 1
5. Castles	Castles
6. Q P 1	BxKt
7. PxB	K R P 1
8. K B P 1	Q Kt to B 3
9. K to R 2	Q P 1
10. PxP	KtxP
11. Q to K sq (b)	R to K sq
12. Q B to Q 2	B to B 4
13. K B P 1	Q to Q 3
14. K Kt P 2	B to K 3
15. Q to K B 2	Kt to B 5
16. BxKt	PxB
17. B to Q Kt 3	Q R P 2
18. K R to K sq (c)	Q R P 1
19. BxB	RxB
20. Q R P 1	RxRx
21. QxR	K to B sq
22. Kt to B sq	R to K sq
23. Q to B 2	Q to K 4
24. Q P 1	Q to K 7
25. R to Kt sq	Q to B 6
26. Q to Q 2	R to K 7
27. Q to Q sq (d)	Q Kt P 2
28. Kt to Q 2	Q to R 3
29. Kt to K 4	R to K 6
30. K to B 2	Q to B 5
31. Q to Q 2	Q to Q 4.
32. R to K sq [e]	K to R 4 (f)
33. Q to B B sq	Kt to B 5
34. Q to Q Kt sq (g)	RxK B Px
35. K to Kt 2	R to K 6 and wins.

[a] Kt to Q 5 would have been far better.

[b] Better at once to have played Q B to Q 2.

[c] Q B to Kt sq would have been the proper move; if then, White defends his Q Kt P Black might play Q E P 2.

[d] Better than to P 3, or taking 2.

[e] Q to Q B sq and then to Q Kt 2 looks more promising, since if the Kt moved, White would lose his Q R P.

[f] Well played, this brings his Kt into a very commanding position.

[g] An unaccountable oversight.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Pudney and Manks's Mile Match.

The interesting race of one mile, for £25 a side, between James Pudney of Mile End, and Richard Manks, well known in sporting circles as "The Warwickshire Antelope," came off on Monday last, Manks being allowed 25 yards start. The locality selected for the contest was the neighbourhood of Slough, and though not exactly over the well known distance called "Maxfield's Mile," it was in the immediate vicinity thereof. At an early hour a large concourse of citizens of the metropolis, as well as sporting characters from Birmingham, and other populous towns, had assembled at the place of rendezvous, viz., Mr. Bragg's, The North Star, Slough, there to abide the word of command of "forward" to the scene of action. At about three o'clock the parties and their friends got "under weigh," and proceeded to the *locus currendi*, and at a few minutes to four both menstood at their respective posts, Manks, as we have above observed, standing 25 yards in advance of his more youthful opponent. The apparent excellent condition of the antagonists was the theme of the admiring spectators, but the well known powers of Pudney, combined with the advantage of youth, which he possessed, caused him to be the decided favourite at starting at 5 and even 6 to 4. Manks, however, was by no means without his admirers, who took the odds freely, and a considerable sum abided on the result. We should observe that the course, owing to the previous thaw, was exceedingly heavy, and the weather altogether very unpropitious, rain and sleet descending most disagreeably during the greater prrt of the day. The referee having been appointed, and the word "Off" being given, the men got away at a clipping pace, Manks doing all that nature would permit to maintain his start, but, ere a couple of hundred yards had been gone over, the gap which had separated them became considerably diminished, and, as they proceeded, it got "small by degrees and beautifully less," and, at the end of half a mile, the Mile End Champion was close on his man's quarters, and before they had got much further, Pudney had taken the lead. How the race would terminate, should no accident occur, was now evident to all, it being clear that Pudney had it all his own way. Despite of this, the "Old-un" ran gamely on, and at the termination of the mile was not more than 20 yards behind his opponent. In justice, however, to Pudney's powers, we opine that he could have very much increased that space had he been inclined so to do. We must here enter our strong protest against the custom adopted, on almost all occasions when a race takes place on a road, namely, that of hundreds of persons in carts, carriages, and on horse back, too closely following the runners. On the present occasion, and at a most critical period of the race, the horse of one individual's carriage was very near coming in contact with Pudney. These things should be avoided.

Doings at Bellevue, Manchester.

WHITEHEAD AND LANDON.—The man first named is the well-known local pedestrian Joseph Whitehead (alias Clarke), of Oldham, and Joseph Landon is from Tunstall, in the county of Stafford. The articles fixed the distance at 160 yards, the stakes to be £25 aside, and Landon to receive £2 for expenses. Clarke, having won the toss for ends and sides, preferred to run up the course, in the very teeth of a tremendous wind which prevailed at the time—his admirers stating that he adopted this on account of his strength being supposed to be greater than that of his opponent, but we may say that those who thus urged surely could never have seen Landon. Mr. James Holden having been appointed referee, the men proceeded to the scratch, and the betting was exceedingly brisk, the odds being at first even, shortly afterwards 13 to 10, and eventually 6 to 4 on Clarke, and heavy sums pended on the result of the contest. In the midst of a storm of wind, hail, and rain the pedestrians stripped, and then it was easy to discover which was the more muscular man. Landon is stout, stands 5ft 8½ in high, with plenty of bone, and it appears quite as probable from his appearance that he could almost as soon command success in a prize ring as on a race course, and to our eye his face denotes that he has already been in a skirmish or two. Clarke, on the contrary, looked worse than we ever remember to have seen him. He was somewhat thin in body, and did not appear by any means in a fit state for the task he had undertaken, but still his friends continued to back him freely. However, after five false attempts they got away, Clarke obtaining half a yard the advantage at start, but before they had run 50 yards, Landon passed him, afterwards kept the lead, and, after turning to look back at his opponent, Landon succeeded in winning easily by two yards, Clarke's backers, who had booked it as a certainty, appearing almost petrified.

A Haunted House.

In one of our English magazines, we find it stated that at Howden---a village which lies sprawling on the mud thrown up by the tide, between Newcastle and North Shields---the demon of cholera entered a certain house in 1831, and carried off its first victim in that neighborhood. The house continued haunted by the evil spirits of Typhus, Scarlatina, Dysentery, and Cholera, which rose up from time to time from out of pig-styes, middens, and filth which surrounded the unfortunate dwelling---smiting the inmates with disease and death---until again, in 1849, the cholera demon once more entered the same house, and again carried off its first victim! Still the house continued haunted as before. The evil spirits remained unexoroised; they held their occasional banquets of death, feasting, like vampires, on human victims; until a third time, in the year of grace 1853, the cholera demon entered the very same dwelling, and the third time carried off its first victim!

No. 61 Nassau-st., N. Y.

TOM HYER'S FIRST FIGHT.

FULL REPORT OF THE GALLANT CONTEST BETWEEN

TOM HYER AND COUNTRY M'CLEESTER,

9th September, 1841.

Having been requested by a large number of our readers to publish a report of the first prize fight in which Tom Hyer was engaged, and in order that our paper may be useful in future days as a journal of reference, as well as interesting at the present time, we have concluded to transfer to our columns a report of the battle, for which we are indebted to the Sporting Chronicle of that date.

The antagonist of Hyer, in his first fight, was the celebrated John McCleester, more generally known as *Country McClusky*, recently deceased. The fight between these two men originated in a private feud, which was brought to a determination by a visit of McCleester to Hyer, in Park Row, on the night of the 8th of September, 1841, and a proposal that they should go over into the Park and fight their differences out. Hyer, however, unwilling to incur the consequences of such a breach of the peace, refused, and proposed a spot on the North River, which, after some chaffering, was acceded to; and it was agreed, that each should meet the next morning on the Albany boat, accompanied by a small number of friends. They then retired to their beds to refresh themselves as best they could, for the terrible business of the morrow. In the morning they were both on board the boat at the appointed hour, and in due time were left at Cauldwell's Landing, a small place up the North River. They did not search long for a stopping place, for a climb of about one hundred yards up a steep hill near the shore, brought them to a natural platform, which was exactly the spot for the business in hand. They commenced at once to strip, and the seconds proceeded to adjust some matters which had not yet been arranged. As the fight was for a settlement of a quarrel, and as a suspicion had been raised by their respective enemies as to the game of either man, to thoroughly test it, it was agreed by all parties, that it should be a fair ring fight, at half minute time, all blows to be considered fair, so that neither, upon becoming tired of the work, or afraid to continue, should resort to a foul blow to end the contest. This left no alternative but desperate fighting. J. Somerindyke and A. Reynolds were the seconds of Hyer, and Alick Hamilton his bottle holder. McClusky was attended by Sullivan and Ketchum as seconds, and Nesbitt as bottle holder. No ring was made, but the men ran into a scratch drawn by Somerindyke, to which they were called at five minutes past eleven.

THE MEN.

Upon coming up both looked well, though Country's flesh appeared more clear and compact than Hyer's, which was ruddy, and though not loose, not firm. Hyer has the advantage of a greater length of reach than his antagonist and is three inches taller, straight, symmetrical, lithe and sinewy, and altogether a perfect model of a man for his weight: which is 176 lbs. Country is more soggy, but possessed of fine gladiatorial points, as some future combatant may find to his cost. His weight is 160 lbs. He is a hard working man, and previous to this encounter is said to have returned from a long voyage before the mast; so his condition might be considered tolerably good. Hyer, on the contrary, had been irregular in his mode of living, and has indulged during the last two years in a life of leisure, but little conducive to the vigor which it was necessary for him, on this occasion, to possess.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On coming up the odds were 20 to 30 on Hyer. Upon taking his position, he stood firm and erect, and his hands well up and his head moderately forward. Country also stood well up, though his manner was not as easy as Hyer's. A slight, but wicked smile was perceptible on the lips of each, which spoke more mischief than a thousand frowns, and they came to the scratch readily and free. Hyer waited for the assault, keeping his arms playfully free, and ready for a fly. Country advanced, made a left hand pass, was stopped, and Hyer caught him on the left cheek (first blow from Hyer,) Country then rallied sharply, a clinch followed, and he was thrown.

Round 2. Both came up eagerly, and Country led off left and right, in double quick time, and succeeded in planting a heavy blow over Hyer's eye, which split it and started the claret (first blood for Country.) Hyer returned with interest in a desperate rally, and at the conclusion went to the ground by a body blow. Country hurt his right hand severely in this round.

Round 3. Hyer stopped with his left hand, made a charge, clinched, and threw M'C. heavily.

Round 4. Hyer at it right away with his left upon Country's fifth rib; C. answered on the breast, but caught a hard blow on the jaw again in return. A clinch and tussle ensued, during which they top-knotted severely. They closed and tussled again, and Country went down with Hyer upon him.

Round 5. Hyer hit slightly with his left and right, and caught it severely on the collar bone in return; which, however, he answered by a tremendous body blow; a clinch followed, and Country went heavily to the ground.

Round 6. Country led off right and left, and brought Hyer to the ground in a clean and handsome manner by a body blow.

Round 7. Smart counter hits right and left; Hyer caught a heavy body blow, they clinched, and Country went down hard.

Round 8. Several exchanges, a rally, terrific fighting all over the ring; Hyer clinched, and after a short tussle threw Country very heavy.

Round 9. Country made a rush, got in a heavy body blow on the left side (his favorite point) which H. returned with tremendous force on the mouth, and received a severe jaw breaker in return, immediately followed up by another of the same sort, though somewhat lighter; then followed a brisk exchange right and left, the last of which from Country brought Hyer down clean. This round lasted 9 minutes.

Round 10. Smart exchanges; a break---Hyer gathered cautiously for a fly, let loose, and caught Country a terrible right hander on the eye. Country then made a rush and caught Hyer like a Paixhan bomb on the lip and carried him to the ground, hurting his right hand again with the blow.

Round 11. Up to this time Country might be said to have had the advantage, but he now gave evident signs of distress; but Hyer, freshening with his punishment, went to work in earnest; he struck fiercely and with tremendous execution; the last blow fell upon C.'s eye badly; Hyer then ran in, clinched, threw and fell heavily upon him.

Round 12. Wild exchanges—a rally and C. went to the ground. Five rounds of hard fighting and alternate success here followed, the last one ending in a clinch, which resulted in C. falling back.

Round 18. The intervening rounds up to this one were not marked by anything of a specially interesting character. On coming up this time Country opened the ball, but was stopped left and right. H. returned and C. caught it badly in two visitations on the mouth, returned by a body blow from C. in his favorite spot on the left; followed by a clinch and C.'s overthrow.

Round 19. Sharp rally, counter hits ending in a mutual blow which brought both to the ground at once.

Round 20. Hyer led off but Country got away; slight counter, Country retreated, but waiting for his opportunity rallied and got in a heavy body blow, Hyer followed threatening mischief. Country rallied again, reeled, slipped and fell.

Round 21. Heavy exchanges, a clinch, a break, hard hitting, another clinch and Country down.

Round 22. Desperate fighting and both down.

The next five rounds were short, and consisted of sharp exchanges of body blows, each round resulting in a throw, three to Country and two to Hyer; indeed a clinch usually resulted in favor of the latter.

Round 28. Country now began to breathe with difficulty and to show evident signs of fatigue, while Hyer, on the contrary, appeared to freshen with his work; he tried left, but C. got away. C. advanced, hit round, but struck short, and went to the ground with a collar bone blow.

Round 29. Both came up well, C. led off and after a brisk rally brought H. to the ground.

Round 30. Country's friends, a little cheered by this, encouraged their man by saying—"You've got him now, Country; give him one of them old Chatham Square fellows." "Yes, he has!" returned Hyer, ironically, accompanying the remark by a wink to his party at the same time that he was gathering for a spring. The thunder did not rumble for nothing, for down it came in a tremendous visitation on the left side of Country's nose, which sent the blood spirting out of it in streams, and appeared to have literally split it in two. The blow struck C. clean down.

Round 31. Country showed his punishment by his distress. The fight was now plainly Hyer's, and 20 to 5 was offered on him and taken two or three times. H. led off, a rally followed, ending in a clinch and C. went down again.

Round 32. Terrible right hand blow on H.'s ribs, which were now dreadfully swollen from repeated hitting; a clinch, hit again, and H. went down.

Round 33. A rally, clinch, and McC. thrown.

Round 34. Close fighting, hard hitting, and McC. down by a neck blow.

Round 35. A rally, close hitting and McC. thrown. H. standing firm.

Eight rounds followed in favor of H., in which he went down to the ground three times.

Round 44. Heavy exchanges. H. gathered for a charge, let fly with tremendous force and caught C. on the top of the head. Such was the power of this blow that it split Country's head completely open and sent the blood gushing out in streams. It was the opinion of several on the ground, that had his head not luckily have been down, this visitation would have killed him. It was followed by another of the same sort and C. was struck down.

Round 45. Counter hits, a rally and both down.

Round 46. H. led off on C.'s ribs, C. returned with a round blow in the old spot.

Round 47. Both hit, a rally, a clinch and McC. thrown.

Round 48. Short round, some hitting, a close and both down.

Round 49. A desperate rally, a heavy blow on H.'s ribs, a rally and both down.

Round 50. Hard hitting, a rally and H. down.

Round 51. A rally, clinch and McC. down.

Round 52. Sharp fighting, H. down.

Round 53. Wild fighting, a clinch, both down.

Round 54. Hard fighting, a clinch, a break, counter hits struck, H. down.

Round 55. A short rally, McC. down.

The next six consisted of hard fighting and a good exchange of body blows, those by Country in his old spot. In the 63d round, Country caught a smacking cut on the cheek which brought him to the ground. Varying success followed until the 69th.

Round 69. Country led off with his right, but caught it in return on the ear; a close followed, they broke, Hyer made a pass with his right, was thrown off, and received a blow on the old place on the side, which told so powerfully as to start the blood through the flesh.

Round 70. A rally and Hyer dropped.

Round 71. Light exchanges and Hyer down.

Round 72. H. struck down and C. floored by the recoil.

Round 73. Both fatigued. Country suffering very much. Hyer advanced, made an offer with his right hand, was thrown off, when a mutual blow was hit that brought both to the ground, and while they lay thus, Hyer, with a smile and good natured remark of "put it there, old fellow," reached out his arm and heartily shook hands with his antagonist.

Round 74. A rally, Hyer to work right and left, C. down.

Round 75. C. down on his knees, up again and knocked down.

Round 76. H. hit over C.'s shoulder with his left, was caught and struck down.

Then followed six rounds, in which there was some short, hard hitting by both, though everything was manifestly in favor of Hyer, whose blows went heavily in, while Country, from his exhausted state, made rather shoves than blows.

Round 83. Country tried with his left and right, but got nothing in. Hyer advanced, struck out, and carried him down with a head blow.

Round 84. Wild exchanges with no effect. C. down.

Round 85. A rally; short, hard hits. H. down.

Round 86. Hyer led off, hitting C. on the mouth and nose with his right, and repeating it on the ear with his left. C. down.

Round 87. A guinea to a shilling on Hyer. Country was nearly gone, and nothing but his thorough game continued the fight; still he made a good show, and managed to carry Hyer down at the end of a brisk rally.

Round 89. Poor Country came up gasping, but free; he could, however, make no show at all; the day was against him, and he was striking against fate. He went down.

Round 90. Country came up groggy, but exhibited unflinching game. Hyer succeeded in planting some heavy blows in his mug, and he went down again.

Round 91. Slight counter hits, a rally, and H. went down with a light body blow.

Round 92. A short recovery. Sharp hits right and left, and Country down flying.

Round 93. Country lay gasping in the arms of his seconds, who plainly saw that all hopes of a favorable change were extinguished. He was evidently in a helpless state, and able only to receive punishment. To save him from further unnecessary suffering, his seconds determined to draw him; but the indomitable and true hearted fellow begged in the most earnest manner to be allowed to go in once more.

Round 94. C. staggered up, made a pass with his left, was caught, and went down flying. Here his seconds would have drawn him again, but he begged as before, and was allowed the *privilege*.

Round 95. Wild hitting. C., dreadfully jobbed, went down by a head blow.

Round 96. C. came up quite groggy, while Hyer appeared to freshen. He struck out with tremendous effect, caught C. on the jaw, and carried him down. Further effort was of no use to Country; he offered scarcely any resistance to Hyer, whatever, who hit him when and where he pleased. From this round to the 101st, Country's seconds endeavored to draw him, but suffered themselves to give way to his desires to try it once more. In the 100th round, Hyer, who for the time had lost his usual self command, seconded his entreaties with a "O let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time." A neck blow followed this remark, that made Country's collar bone ring again. In the 101st, Country met with the same treatment, when Sullivan would listen to him no longer, but drew him at once, stating that he had lost the tight, and resigning his claim to the stake. Hyer was now left the victor of a hard fought field of 101 rounds, which occupied three hours, five minutes less. Country retired, dreadfully punished, weak, and tottering; Hyer looked fresh, and capable of fighting an hour or two more.

"The manner in which the match was fought," says the Sporting Chronicle of that date, "reflects the highest honor on the two combatants; the rounds were not made by dodging and dropping without a hit, but were clear knock down ones, all. It was, by far, a harder battle than the celebrated one between Brassey and Parker, on the 10th August last, which was so much talked of in the English papers, for it was a continuous and desperate planting of foul blows and fair, without interruption, and the fight lasted five minutes longer. Some experienced pugilists were on the ground, and declare the fight one of the best that ever came off in the country: and under the circumstances, Hyer's condition being considered, perhaps the best. Hyer is but 22 years of age. He is, however, no fighting man, and does not wish to be so considered; on the contrary, he refuses ever to fight another match. Not many, we imagine, will interfere with his having his way."

AMERICAN CLIPPERS.

MR. EDITOR: If I were a betting man, I would most willingly cover the "Ship Carpenter's" friendly fiver; but I have no doubt he can be accommodated. Having seen the Sovereign of the Seas and the Marco Polo, as far as I could judge from their lines of lightest flotation the hull of the former appears capable of attaining a higher speed than that of the latter. The "Chopped Dollar's" direct statement appears to suggest a novel and curious fact in connection with hydrostatics, that the eastern and European seas offer more resistance to American clippers than their native waters. Not at all doubting the skill and science of some of our English yacht builders, when the inspired moment arrives, they will perhaps favor us with the identical vessel to which your correspondent alludes I do not conceive that any of the really fine yachts recently built come up to his description. If the owners of vessels supposed to possess equal or superior powers of locomotion to the Americas, would sail or offer to sail her a right away, seamanlike race, say from Cowes round the Nab, to the Eddystone or Wolf Rock, or to any point they may fancy, and back, in the coming summer, why this would show what they are made of, whether they are good through dirth and be a great boon to the yachting world, which is getting a *leetle* flat. A fair course and no favor (no crawling round the island) is supposed to be an Englishman's pride. With such a contest to look forward to, and the little excitement the Czar is so kindly getting up, one might venture to anticipate an agreeable season. As to that unfortunate individual who is contemplating a yacht, he cannot do better than study the lines of the bow of Lord Montague's Dronthnim yawl, as delineated in the *half breadth plan, Hunt's Yachting Magazine*. It strikes me as a most happy combination of inflected, straight, and convex lines, producing speed, stability, and floatiness, always bearing in mind that, fluidically speaking, the direction of a resistance is perpendicular to the surface against which the resistance takes place. On the strict consideration and observance of this law of fluids depends any striking amount of success in ship building. The principles involved in the draught alluded to allow of any expansion or modification, in contradistinction to the rigidity of those which "Sinbad" very properly considers a fortunate circumstance for the nation. Having exhausted myself and the subject I bring up.—Yours, &c.

A YACHTSMAN.

MR. EDITOR: The fewest possible words in correction of the errors as to facts in the "Carpenter's" last.---1st Aurora *has* won several prizes, and some 12 years ago was the champion of her class in the squadron, since when she has been lengthened three times, increasing from 40 to 60 tons. 2d. The Arrow is called "*one of the deep keeled, heavy ballast system!*" This vessel is one out of the many built *and designed* by Mr. Weld, whose yachting life has been one long protest against the above system, his vessel having less than two fifths their tonnage, o.m., in weight of ballast, while the Poole school is *four-fifths*. 3d. The Titania's "maiden performance" has no relation with her character for speed, which, I re-assert was equal to most schooners of 130 tons. From faulty work about the deck she came into Cowes half full of water, after a trial cruise, and gave the shipwrights there a "job," and occasion for sundry jokes about "river work." For the correctness of the above I appeal to your intelligent Cowes "Correspondent." As to the "Carpenter's" comparison between wager sailing boats and sea-going vessels---his threats of what our builders "could an' they would"—together with his libellously putting forward the former class of yachts (whose lines cannot be carried to any size) as examples of the British school of shipbuilding—these hallucinations I leave to the appreciation of your readers.—Bell's Life, Jan. 15.

Yours, &c, SINBAD.

[From the Melbourne Argus, Nov. 14.]

Exciting Race between an American Schooner and an English Yacht.

TRIUMPH OF THE FORMER.

A most agreeable aquatic excursion of the beautiful American schooner Pride of the Sea, commanded by Captain Hodges, was enjoyed on Saturday last, by a large party of ladies and gentlemen from Melbourne and its neighborhood. The anchor was weighed about 10 o'clock, A. M., but the breeze being too light to enable Captain Hodges to sail his vessel through the dense mass of shipping that crowds the harbor immediately off Sandridge, the services of the Maitland steamer, which had brought the excursionists from Melbourne, were called into requisition to tow the schooner into an open space. The Pride of the Sea was met at that point, by the beautiful English yacht Lelia, formerly the property of our fellow colonist, Thomas Hodges, Esq., late M. P., for Kent, but purchased recently by the government for the use of the Survey department. It was evident from the movements of the Lelia, that she intended to try her sailing powers against the schooner; but Captain Hodges, "on hospitable thoughts intent," although steering his own beautiful craft, paid so much attention to his guests, that he did not make the most of her in beating to windward. In addition to the disadvantages that arose from the "man at the wheel" thus making himself agreeable to the ladies, the trim of the schooner was so injuriously altered by the weight of a hundred people on the after part of her deck, that she would not keep what sailors call a "weather helm." The result was that at 4 o'clock, P. M., the Lelia was about a quarter of a mile in advance of her rival. The wind, which was southerly, was very light during the whole day, otherwise it was believed by some experienced people on board the schooner, that the Lelia would have had no chance with her. On the run back the Lelia was left a long way astern. The party consisted of thirty three ladies and about seventy gentlemen. The Lieutenant Governor, the American Consul, the Auditor and Surveyor-Generals, several members of the Legislative Council, the Commander of H. M. S. Electra, and the Harbor Master, were among the number. The scene was much enlivened by the performances of an excellent band, which the gayer portion of those on board were not slow to avail themselves of, for waltz, polka and quadrille followed each other in quick succession during the whole day. A most sumptuous luncheon was provided and served up in a very tastefully decorated cabin, and nothing was wanting that genuine hospitality could suggest to contribute to the pleasure and comfort of all on board. Complimentary toasts to Britain, America and Victoria, were cordially given and responded to. The American Consul was peculiarly happy in his remarks; and the sentiments of hearty good will towards the "old country" which he expressed, and the cordial hope he entertained that the existing friendly relations between the two greatest nations on the face of the earth should never be disturbed, elicited the warmest plaudits of approval from the numerous representatives of England and America by whom he was surrounded. After passing a highly merited encomium on the beauty and excellence of his fair countrywomen who had accompanied their husbands to Victoria, the Consul strongly advised the young American merchants in this colony to take unto themselves wives from among the daughters of this golden land; and since his years and experience naturally add weight to his counsels, we may presume that ere long some of his countrymen will be following his advice. At a quarter past six o'clock the Pride of the Sea returned to her anchorage; and thus was brought to a close an excursion which will long be remembered with peculiar satisfaction by those who enjoyed the graceful hospitality and polite attention of Captain Hodges and his numerous American friends. The Pride of the Sea is one of the finest crafts that ever graced the waters of Port Philip. She was built by Mr. Steers of New York, the builder of the celebrated yacht America, and measures 240 tons. In the Lelia the Pride of the Sea had an opponent that was not deemed unworthy of being entered in the great sailing match in which the America triumphed.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN YACHTS.

I have just read the letter of the "Ship Carpenter." The sole aim of my note was to obtain, if possible, through the medium of your columns, some description of the model and proportions of the Margaret, so as to form some idea of the principles on which she is constructed, and her probable merits. I was also in hopes we had, for once, taken the wind out of the Yankee's sails. The latter part of my note was not written with the animus attributed to it, although, on looking at it in print, it does seem rather powerfully expressed, but more as a statement of what I conceive to be the facts of the case—that the Americans have always taken the initiative, and kept it, in all things appertaining to improvement in the form of hull, rigging, and sails of ships. As a "Ship Carpenter" calls upon me to give the grounds of my allegations, I will do so, with your permission—first thanking him for affording all the information he possesses concerning the Margaret. I was not previously aware of the schooner race. What I maintain is, that hitherto we have been too content to carry out the pre-conceived ideas of others. in times gone by, the "New York liners" displayed a great superiority of speed, and of symmetry in hull and rig, over our vessels of those days. From that time to the present they have managed to keep a step in advance, as to size, speed, and originality of model. Our ships improve in a certain ratio, but the stimulus comes from abroad. Why should it be so? We have built no ship, at present, to equal the published performances of the Sovereign of the Seas. The Star of the East, the Marco Polo, &c., are not to be compared to her, in my opinion. We shall soon hear how long a time she required for her voyage to Australia. At present the Marco Polo has made the quickest passage of any English ship. The latest novelty is the Great Republic, a ship of 4,500 tons register—no such magnitude has been attempted here—and with the quite novel feature for a sailing ship of four masts. We shall also, probably, in time, have four-masters, but this would not affect my position; the maintaining of this must necessarily involve the repetition of stale, and, perhaps, uninteresting facts. Now, as to yachting! Previous to the year 1851 our yachts were held by us to be about perfection; that any foreign vessels of this class could approach within any appreciable distance of an English one was laughed to scorn and scouted as preposterous. The owners and builders were equally satisfied with their fancied superiority; and this happy state of existence (with the exception possibly of some slight increment of speed in newly built yachts, so as just to head their predecessors, and seldom that), we should most assuredly have remained to the present time, were it not for the rude shock administered to our self complacency by the America, and which effected quite a new era in yacht building. It was the Marquis of Anglesey, I believe, who made use of the candid and *native* truism, "If she is all right, we are all wrong." Well! she beat all our crack vessels with most absurd facility (the Mosquito not in the race), and, in tacit and eloquent submission of her superiority, came lengthening of faces and lengthening of yachts. Almost every one of any pretensions was Americanised. The Alarm, Arrow, Gipsey Queen, *cum multis aliis*. The building of a fleet, avowedly on Yankee principles, the Vestal, Gloriana, Oriana, Flying Cloud, The Phantom, Vampire, and Kitten have all been *lengthened!* What I adhere to is, that all our recent clipper yachts are built on lines, more or less, suggested by the America, and nothing else, the straight floor amidships (the planks and timbers at right angles), the long drawn out, inflected in, hollow bow, more or less modified, and the peculiarly beautiful long and tapering run of the great original, are patent in all! The Xarita, now in a Liverpool graving dock, being ceiled and a stripe of copper being added—our very latest production, in evident modification—I doubt her being a flyer. The Rosalind I have not seen, but Sverige beat Rosalind; America beat Sverige. Opposed to these awkward facts are the English "wave principle" and the Mosquito. The published data of the former are so imperfect, it is almost impossible to arrive at a just conclusion in what it consists: it appears to me to be the application of the vertical curve of a wave, to the horizontal curve of the water line. The Titania and Adelaide steamers are, I am told, on this principle The Titania was easily vanquished, and the latter is unknown to fame. Now we come to the Mosquito, essentially an English built and designed craft, of extraordinary powers, and of which we have every reason to be proud. We must not, either, forget the beautiful Volante; there is not much more than two minutes between them. The Volante was unfortunately disabled in 1851, or else, according to the race in 52, she should have been close behind the Yankee. It stands thus, therefore: the America distanced all our clippers in 1851 (but the Mosquito), overcame the English "wave principle" in the Titania with ease, and beat the Sverige (a Swede) without difficulty. The Mosquito beat the America by 40 seconds in '52: if she can repeat the performance, why the problem is solved in favor of us. I write repeat, because I consider the relative capability of two or more vessels cannot be decided by a single trial, unless the beating be much more conclusive than it was on that occasion. If the Mosquito ever does contend successfully again against the America, considering her at present the *ne plus ultra* of American yacht building, I, for one, shall consider this question unanswerably decided in favor of Albion.—Bell's Life, Jan. 15.

A YACHTSMAN.

Fun in Jersey City.

On Wednesday evening next, 22d inst., the friends of Mickey Free intend giving him a benefit, in the shape of a ball, interspersed with singing, &c., &c. In fact, there is to be a first rate time. Those who wish to enjoy a pleasant evening, should attend. Tickets are for sale at the different public houses.

THE TURF.

PACING AT NEW ORLEANS—METAIRIE COURSE.—Sunday, Jan. 29, 1854. Pacing match for $1,000; mile heats in harness.

Otis Dimick's ch. m. Pocahontas	1 1
Samuel Rice's ro. g. Silvertail	2 2

Time 2:25½---2:34½.

Yesterday was the first meeting over the Metairie since the running races closed, and the occasion drew together an immense crowd; the day was fine, the track in good order, the atmosphere cool and bracing enough to "keep the barkeepers busy," and put the crowd in good drinking trim. The well earned reputation of Silvertail and his deemed invincibility, caused his friends to stand up to their work longer than the facts warranted, as it was well understood that Pocahontas was a "bite" and the race to suit her, being mile heats in harness; 100 to 75 were the current odds and taken freely. The result as seen above shows the odds given were on the winning side although she goes clean down in the "twenties." I think Mr. Eoff has one or two in his stables that can hunt her to a hole before spring. We shall have several good spins soon, of which I shall keep you posted. But to the result:

FIRST HEAT—The horse won the pole, and they got a good send off, the mare out footing Silver and taking the track; going round the turn she made a bad break and came almost to a standstill, Silver opening a gap of some 40 yards upon her. Dimick, however, on getting his mare to her work, soon closed it up, and after a spirited brush down the backside, drew out a good length ahead, which she maintained to the stand. Time 2:25½.

SECOND HEAT—The mare had now the call at dollars to dimes, and no takers; Silver acting badly throughout the heat, and Pocahontas coming home at an easy gait in 2:34½.

TROTTING AT NEW ORLEANS, UNION COURSE.---Wednesday, January 25, 1854.---Purse $250, for trotting horses. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

W. G. Abram's g. b. O'Blenis	1 1 1
C. S. Ellis's ch. g. Rhode Island	2 2 2
W. Ring's b. m. Lady Moscow	3 3 3

Time 2:39½---2:40---2:40.

This was a beautiful trot, and there was a large number of spectators present. Lady Moscow was the favorite previous to starting.

Tuesday, January 31---Trotting match for $900. Two mile heats, in harness.

Samuel Rice's b. m. Flora Temple	1 1
Samuel McLaughlin's r. m. Green Mountain Maid	2 2

Time 5:07---5:07.

Before the start the betting was nearly even, the Maid being rather the favorite. The Course was in good order, the time fast and the money won handily by Flora Temple.

METAIRIE COURSE---February 2.---Match mile heats, best three in five.

W. G. Abram's b. g O'Blenis	2 1 2 1 1
S. McLaughlin's Lady Moscow	1 3 1 2 2
Charles Ellis's Rhode Island	3 2 3 drawn

Time 2:35---2:34---2:38---2:33½---2:37.

SOUTH CAROLINA RACES—WASHINGTON COURSE— CHARLESTON.—Wednesday, Feb. 1, 1854.—Jockey Club Purse $1,000, for all ages, 3 years old carrying 90 lbs—4,102—5,112—6,120—7 and upward, 126—allowing 3 lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Capt John Belcher's br. m. Nina, 5 years, walked over.

The first day of February was ushered in by an atmosphere balmy as the breath of a zephyr, and a sky unclouded and blue as Italy itself could boast. It was a luxury even to breathe the air, and to get away from the bustle of business and the city's thoroughfares. Yet the course presented but a sparse gathering to honor the glorious weather to enjoy the opening of the week's festivities. Much excitement had existed on the subject of the great four mile day, as it was understood that Highlander and Red Eye, neither of which probably have their superiors as racers in any country, were to be competitors of fame. This expectation was prostrated by the purchase of Highlander for $10,000 by Judge Hunter, of Alabama, to run in the great stake at New Orleans in April. The result of this was that the beautiful mare Nina, belonging to the owner of Red Eye, was the only entry, and she appeared in beautiful condition, and galloped around, thus easily taking the purse.

Sunday—February 5---Handicap Race for the Jockey Club Purse of $600, three mile heats.

Nina, 5 years old, 109 lbs	1 1
Col. Singleton's c. f., by Hero, 3 years old, feather	2 2
Maid of Edgecombe, 5 years old 99 lbs	3 dis.

Time 5:40---5:43.

Same day—Match, two mile heats.

J. E. Edings entered Mary Brown	1 1
J. B. Moore, entered c. f., by Hero	2 2

Time 3:54---3:51½

Same day—Single dash, three miles.

John Hopkins	1
Florence	2
Red Eye	dis.

Time 6:08½

THE LAWS OF BETTING

Interesting to Sporting Gentlemen.

The Responsibilities of Stakeholders.

In an editorial article, a few weeks since, we alluded to a device sometimes resorted to by would-be sporting men, to avoid the payment of money fairly lost on any sporting event. We stated at that time that such cases rarely occur, and that no *real* sporting man would be guilty of resorting to the law to "save his stakes." The case we had reference to was between the loser of an outside bet on the Sullivan and Morrissey fight, and the stakeholder. The justice decided that the stakeholder should refund to the claimant his stake, although the total amount of the bet had been paid over by him, the stakeholder, to the winner. Another case, somewhat similar, was decided by Judge Clerke, of the Supreme Court, Circuit, on Tuesday, 5th inst. It arose from the following facts:—

About thirteen years ago, we believe it was on the 21st of October, 1841, a trotting match came off between the horses *Lady Suffolk* and *Americus*, on the Centreville Course, on Long Island. Ruckman, the plaintiff, attended the race, as did one Minturn, and the two made a bet upon the result of the race. The amount of the stakes, $3,000, was deposited with Pitcher, who undertook to hold it until the bet should be determined, and then deliver it into the hands of the winner. The $3,000 was not, however, as it seems, the sole property of Ruckman; four-fifths of it was contributed by persons associated with him in the bet, and one-fifth only by himself.

The wager was won by Minturn, who thereupon, as the parties were standing together by the course, asked Pitcher to hand over the stakes. The stakeholder turned to the present plaintiff and said: "Well, Mr. Ruckman, the race is lost—are you satisfied?" "Yes," said Ruckman, "I am satisfied—hand over the money." Accordingly, the stakeholder handed the amount to Minturn, and there Minturn and Pitcher would probably have been content to let the matter rest.

But not so Ruckman. He subsequently discovered facts which induced him to believe that the wager was unfairly won. In this belief, he looked about him for a remedy.

Now, there was in those days, as there still is, a statute in force in this State (2 R. S. 4 ed. p. 72,) which declares all wagers made to depend on any race, &c., void: and then provides that any person who shall pay any money upon the event of any prohibited wager may sue for and recover the money from the winner or from the stakeholder, whether the money shall have been paid over by him or not, and whether the wager be lost or not. Mr. Ruckman therefore commenced this action of debt against Pitcher, to recover from him the whole sum of $3,000.—Mr. Pitcher defended the suit chiefly upon two grounds. First, that he was not liable at all, because he had paid the money over by Mr. Ruckman's express directions; and second, that if he was liable at all it was only for the $600 which Ruckman had contributed to the stakes from his own funds.

The action was tried in the Supreme Court in 1844. Judge Kent, who tried the cause, ruled that upon the evidence it appeared that Ruckman had expressly authorized the payment, and that his directions were a bar to his present action; thus sustaining the defendant's first ground of defence. The plaintiff appealed from this decision to the Court of Appeals, where it was overruled. That Court held, Judge Jones delivering the opinion, that as there was no pretence that Ruckman intended to direct a *gift* of the fund to Minturn, but as on the other hand he merely directed the payment to be made in pursuance of the original wager, his direction could not be construed as giving validity to an agreement which the Statute declared void; that both transactions, the original deposit of the money with the stakeholder and the subsequent direction to pay it over must be construed together and in relation to each other; they accordingly ordered a new trial. (1 Comst. 392.)

The new trial was had in 1850, before Judge Edwards. This time the plaintiff, under the ruling of the Judge, recovered the whole amount claimed, $3,000, and six cents damages, but no interest. The defendant then took *his* turn at appealing. He appealed to the General Term of the Supreme Court.—Two questions were raised here—first, whether the plaintiff's right of recovery was not restricted to his own $600; second, whether he was not entitled to interest upon whatever amount he was entitled to recover. The opinion of the General Term, delivered by Judge Roosevelt, (13 Barb. 593,) answered both these questions in the affirmative; and ordered a third trial. It was that third trial that was had recently. The case was principally tried upon the written evidence used on the former trial.

Judge Clerke followed the ruling of the General Term, and the Jury found a verdict for $600 principal, $152 interest, 6 cents damages, and 6 cents costs.

Both parties excepted to the ruling of the Court and the case will probably be carried up again.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

FEBRUARY 18, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
PRICE & WINANS, 35 Ann Street.
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Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ OUR PHILADELPHIA AGENT, Mr. W. Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

Answers to Correspondents.

John B. Banks.—1. Who is Bill Hayes, with whom Johnny Walker is to fight? 2. Is Johnny Walker considered a good man in the prize ring? 3. What is Walker's fighting weight, and what is Hayes' weight?" 1. Bill Hayes is the present Champion of Light Weights in England. He was born in 1827, and has fought 11 battles, and only one of which he lost, viz., with young Keene, Hayes having gone down without a blow. Hayes was engaged in the longest fight that ever took place, having fought for *six hours and three minutes* with Madden, on the 17th July, 1849. 2. Johnny Walker was at one time Champion of the Light Weights in England, and is considered A No. 1, in the prize ring. 3. Walker's fighting weight is the same as Hayes' viz., 9st. 7lb.

Utica.—Noticed elsewhere.

T. Y. R.—The feat of walking seven miles within the hour has been accomplished by many pedestrians.

Bowery.—Mr. Stevens was an Englishman by birth.

X.—Wantling, in England, ran a mile in 4 minutes, 28 seconds.

In a Quandary.—RAFFLE.—"Two were put up at a raffle, the two highest throws take the prizes. I threw 11, my friend 10, another person also threw 11. These were highest throws. There is a dispute as to who are entitled to the prizes, and your decision wanted to settle the difficulty." The *two sixes* throw again for *choice* of prizes, the highest to ing the principal prize, the other the remaining prize. The person throwing ten is out of it altogether.

Jo Stokes.—Jackson, the American Deer, is but 5 feet 2½ inches in height.

W. A.—The drama of Uncle Tom, now performing at the National Theatre, in this city, was first brought out there in July last. We believe the run this piece has obtained is unparalleled in theatrical representations.

A. J. Bond, Jersey City.—Johnny Walker was born on the 1st of January, 1819. Your other questions you will find answered in our reply to John B. Banks.

Simon.—If you made no agreement with your landlord, we fear you have no remedy. It will serve you as a lesson for the future.

Inquirer.—Morrissey is not out of the United States.

B. A.—"1. In one of your back numbers, giving an account of Mickey Free's matches, you say he beat Searles, the great walker, in a 10 mile match. What time did Mickey take to do it, also Searles? 2. What is the fastest walking Mickey has done? 3. Who do you consider has done the fastest walking for the past 5 or 6 years in the United States, and what was the time?" 1. The match you speak of was run in wooden clogs, and was performed in 59 minutes, Mickey beating Searles 3 yards. 2. 1 mile fair heel and toe in 7 minutes. 3. We believe a mile has never been walked in less than 7 minutes, and we much question if the distance can be accomplished in less time.

Flints, Philada.—Your communication is in. Will be pleased to hear from you again.

John McCabe.—Your verses were written without regard to measure, and for this reason they were rejected. We intend to publish the fight between Donnelly and Cooper.

Joe Hardy.—Though you have a new signature for every communication you address us, we know you like a book, and having been once deceived by you, we have no desire to renew your acquaintance.

Suds, Rome, N. Y.—At the last accounts, in New Orleans.

Capt. Kidd, Lansingburgh.—"FORTY-FIVES. In cutting for deal, A. cuts the Ace of Spades, and B. the Ace of Diamonds. I contend that the Ace of Diamonds being, when not trumps, the lowest card in the pack, it is allowed to be superior to any ace, *when cutting for the deal*, and have made a wager accordingly. The bet is pending on your decision." A. wins the deal. According to your own argument, the Ace of Diamonds is the lowest card *when not trumps*. The mere fact of cutting for deal *cannot change* the value of a card. The turning up the trump card alone makes the change, and if diamonds be *not* trumps, it is plain that the Ace of Diamonds can be taken by the Deuce of Diamonds, so that, *when not trumps*, it is the lowest card.

Morgan James, Utica.—Your communication is inserted in this week's Clipper. The card of Mr. Lewis was published and paid for as an advertisement, which we suppose you were not aware of, or you would have sent the "needful." The matter in controversy being a purely business arrangement, it comes under the advertising department of our paper.

W. B. T. B.—1. and 2. Freeman, the American Giant, fought twice only—with the Tipton Slasher, the first time, darkness put a stop to the battle; the second battle was won by Freeman, the Slasher having gone down without a blow. 3. Freeman depended more upon his strength than science. 4. No 5. We cannot inform you of any role—it would occupy too much space. Study the games now being published in our paper.

Caleb, Philada.—Yes; Hayes is the present Champion of Light Weights in England. The match between Hayes and Johnny Walker is, without doubt, an honest thing.

B. X. Y.—Too late for this week.

Charley A.—Not according to Hoy

Where's the North Star?

If the North Star, of Norwich, Conn., wishes to make a match of 7, 10 or 12 miles, the Rivington Stag is ready to make a match with him for $100 to $200 aside. Can be heard of at this office. Walk up, walk up.

Where's Gibson?

Mr. Gibson, who called upon us in reference to making a match with Mickey Free, about three weeks since, did not meet Micky Free at our office on Saturday last as we expected he would.

$1,000 Match.

Arrangements are making for a match between Coit, and a sailor, for the sum of $1,000 aside. The sailor is absent at present, but is expected to arrive in the course of a month or six weeks, when the affair will come off.

Parker's Exhibition.

There was not room enough at Grand street Hall on Wednesday evening last, on the occasion of Jem Parker's Sparring Exhibition. The room was densely crowded in every part, and many persons had to leave, being unable to obtain admittance.

The first set-to was between Donnelly and Hunter, two pupils of our friend Izzy Lazarus. They acquitted themselves remarkably well.

The next was between Jemmy Boyle and Pete ———. This was a very pretty set-to, Boyle being an accomplished sparrer, and his opponent was also well acquainted "with the ropes."

John McMahon's novice, young McGrath, and Harry Lazarus, son of Izzy, next appeared and by their sharp work greatly pleased the audience. Both lads proved themselves to be good bits of stuff, and showed that they had been well instructed.

Barney Lunney, a capital hand with the gloves, had a set-to with a stranger, but Lunney was rather too much for him in regard to science, though the stranger proved himself to be a regular game 'un.

The next set-to was between Tom Bates, of Liverpool, and John McMahon, of New York. McMahon made use of some good scientific arguments in order to convince his opponent that he was up to a thing or two, while the latter responded in terms of suitable logic, but hardly sufficient to meet Johnny on the real point.

Tom Kelly, of New York, and Pat McDermot, of Liverpool, next made a very good display.

Our very corpulent friend Izzy Lazarus, who is ever ready to lend a hand to assist his friends, next appeared and was faced by Jim White. Some of the audience called out to White to give Lazarus a poke in the spot where he deposits his bread-and-butter, but White objected—so did Izzy. This set-to caused much merriment.

The exhibition was concluded by a set-to between Jem Parker and a friend. Parker, however, did not show off to any extent, the reason of which was obvious to those present. To our old friend, Mr. McMahon, who, as usual, officiated as Master of Ceremonies, we return thanks for his kindness.

The old veteran George Kensett, was present, and gave new life to the pugilistic fraternity, by his jolly, good natured remarks.

Another Sparring Exhibition.

Jemmy Boyle, one of the light weights, and a scientific exponent of the doctrines of striking from the shoulder, gives an exhibition for the display of the science and art of self-defence, on Thursday (this) evening, February 16th, at Grand street Hall. Mr. Boyle will be assisted by several well known pugilists, and an agreeable evening's entertainment may be expected. The price of admission is but 25 cents, so that those fond of the sport can enjoy it at a trifling cost.

Another Match.

MILE RACE FOR $500 ASIDE.

We understand that a match was made a few days since for $500 aside, between Freestone, of Williamsburgh, and Norton, of New York, to run a flat race of one mile. The time appointed for the race is the 11th of March, and the Union Course is the spot on which the race will be run.

These matches are but the precurors of what may be expected hereafter. When once fairly started, we have no doubt the citizens of New York and its vicinity will show themselves to be as fond of sporting matters as our transatlantic brethern. Keep the ball rolling.

Actors Order of Friendship.

This benevolent institution will celebrate the anniversary of Washington's birth day, by giving a ball at the Chinese Museum, in Philadelphia, on which occasion each member of the society will appear in an appropriate Shakspearian costume, forming an entirely new and novel feature.

Funeral of Stevens.

The funeral procession of the late H. I. Stevens, whose death resulted from injuries received in a friendly trial of strength with Mr. Hamilton, was a solemn testimony of the estimation in which the deceased was held while living:

——"Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

WRESTLING.

The $3,000 Match.

The gentleman at present residing in this city called upon us on Saturday last, in reference to the proposed match between Coit, the Indian, of Brooklyn, and himself. In order that his propositions to test the strength of Coit may be clearly understood, we give below the rules upon which he offers to meet the Indian.

"Each man to wear a jacket well and strongly made and stitched; said jacket to be loose enough to enable a man to get a good hold on to it—the jacket reaching to within 6 inches of the knee; no grease or any other material to be placed on the jacket, or used in any other way, to defeat an opponent, but the match to be a fair and manly trial of strength and skill. The men to be placed at the scratch, and on the word being given, each man to advance towards his opponent, and seize such hold upon the jacket of said opponent as he can, and which he may consider the most advantageous to himself. The holds in all cases to be confined to the jackets. Two out of three falls, or if more satisfactory, three out of five. One or both knees upon the ground not to constitute a fall, but one or both knees and a hand upon the ground to avoid a fall, to be considered a fall. Also, any kind of fall to be counted as a fall.

"Should the above rules be satisfactory to Mr. Coit and his backers, a match can be made for from $500 to $3000 aside, on applying to the Editor of the Clipper."

We cannot see anything in the above proposal that can be objected to by Mr. Coit. Each man can have the same chance as his opponent, and in fact we do not see that a fairer proposition can be made than that given above. A match in accordance with those rules would display the strength of each man to its greatest extent, and would afford a fine study for admirers of true manly sport. From the almost superhuman strength exhibited by Mr. Coit in his previous wrestling matches, we have no doubt he will be willing to meet the gentleman referred to on fair and friendly terms.

Cæsar Coit, the Indian.

Mr. Coit, accompanied by his backer, called upon us on Monday last, and signified his willingness to meet the gentleman above referred to, according to the terms of his (Coit's) challenge, previously published in the Clipper. Mr. Coit, it will be recollected, offers to wrestle any man on the following terms, viz:—Side hold, three back falls out of five falls to each; nothing. He is ready to stake any amount of money, and is willing to meet any man in New York, or elsewhere, on the above conditions.

Our readers will see at a glance how the case stands. Each man has his peculiar mode of wrestling, and if they both adhere to their respective modes there is no probability of a match between them. That each man is anxious and willing to stake a good sum on his own wrestling abilities, there is no question, and if any one feels disposed to try a hand with either, he can gain all information by calling at this office.

Another Prize Fight.

At the sparring exhibition given by Jem Parker on Thursday evening last, an offer was made by ——— ——— to make a match with ——— ——— for the sum of $500 aside, the fight to take place in ten weeks from the time of making the match. Mr. ———, who was in the room at the time, immediately responded to the call, and signified his readiness to make a match, and offered to stake $20 to bind the bargain. At the conclusion of the exhibition, the two men, accompanied by their respective friends, repaired to a private room to arrange matters, but after considerable argument it was mutually agreed to meet on Tuesday evening, 14th inst., to make all necessary arrangements.

The parties met according to agreement on Tuesday evening last, and entered into an agreement, the purport of which is as follows:

The fight to be a fair stand up fight, in a 24 foot roped ring, according to the new rules of the London Ring, for the sum of $500 aside. $50 aside now deposited; the second deposit of $100 aside to be made good on the 1st of March; the third deposit of $100 aside to be made good on the 15th of March; the fourth deposit of $100 aside to be made good on the 29th of March; the last deposit of $150 aside to be made good on the 12th of April. Either party failing to make the above deposits between the hours of 8 and 10, P. M., on the evenings above stated, to forfeit the money already down. The weight of each man not to exceed 150 pounds, and the men to weigh the evening before the day of fighting. The fight to take place on the 26th of April next; the men to be in the ring between the hours of 12 and 2, P. M.

As the men do not intend to commit any breach of the peace of this Commonwealth, we suppose those croakers, who are forever meddling in other people's business, will keep quiet in the matter. "Old Morality," of the Tribune, must behave himself, or he will not be allowed to see the sport.

The men are good sized and powerful and the contest will no doubt be a severe one. Those in good standing in the Magic Circle will gather enough from the above little prelude to see how matters stand. It will not do when there are so many traitors in the camp, to "speak right out in meeting!"

Our readers will be kept advised of the "Pilgrims Progress" through this "vale of *tears*."

Yankee versus English Yacht Builders.

An unusual degree of interest has been manifested of late, among the ship builders of England, as to the most proper mode to be adopted for the building of Yachts, in order to attain the greatest degree of speed, the most essential point necessary in a pleasure boat. Before the appearance of the yacht America in English waters, yacht building was supposed to have reached the highest state of perfection in English ship yards, and it was never for a single moment supposed that an English yacht could be approached much less beaten by a yacht of any other nation. The old style of building was considered beyond improvement, and the advancement of any new theory in yacht building was scouted at as visionary and foolish. In 1851, however, the yacht America arrived in English waters, and at once became a great object of attention. Her "lines" were admired, and it was evident that the Yankee yacht was destined to work a complete revolution in English yacht building. The defeat of the English fleet at Cowes by the Yankee was the signal, and almost immediately new yachts were built, and old ones remodelled, after the America's "lines." A spirit of jealousy, however, will not allow English ship builders out, and while the great principle in the build of the America is strictly adhered to by our English neighbors, a few slight alterations in the model, and sundry improvements, as they are called, furnish sufficient grounds, they imagine, to deny the right of American builders to the credit of being the true exponents of the new theory of yacht building.

To Mr. George Steers, of New York, all praise is due for the progress our own country, as well as England, is making in ship and yacht building. This mechanic, fully impressed with the fact that we were behind the age in yacht building, resolved to put to the test the practical utility of a new theory which had engrossed his attention for a long period. How far he has succeeded, the popularity of Mr. Steers at the present time attests, for without the achievement of some great work it is almost impossible for an humble mechanic to work his way from obscurity to eminence and destinction. Mr. Steers has just obtained another triumph in the victory of the Pride of the Seas over the English yacht Lelia, in the waters of Port Philip, Australia, the particulars of which are given in another column.

The building of pleasure boats is beginning to excite attention in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., but up to the present time we believe New York is ahead in the race for superiority. The New York boat Bianca has well sustained the reputation of our boat builders for turning out fast crafts, and though Philadelphia boat builders have made several attempts to build a boat to beat the Bianca, all attempts have thus far proved fruitless. Our Philadelphia friends, however, nothing daunted by the numerous defeats they have met with, both in the waters of the Delaware and the Hudson, are at the present time engaged in building four or five boats for the avowed purpose of "taking down" the Yorkers. It is said, also, that Mr. R. G. Wilkins, of Philadelphia, has succeeded in building a fast little craft, called the Flirt, with which he intends trying the speed of the Bianca during the coming spring. We are glad our Philadelphia friends are turning their attention to this branch of architecture, and we have no doubt the new boats now on the stocks in Philadelphia yards, will have an opportunity, whenever it may be desirable, of testing their sailing qualities with some of our New York clippers.

A correspondent in Philadelphia sends us the following communication on the subject of boat building. Our columns are open to those who may be opposed to his remarks:

A FEW REMARKS ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND RIG OF SAIL BOATS

As this is the progressive age of "improvement and mighty invention," when if one does not get up with the sun, he finds himself almost a century *behind* time, and as the motive power applied to a vessel through her sails has reached such perfection as almost to tread upon the heels of steam, keeping the spirit of machinery in such rapid motion that it may not be *run over*, we trust we may be permitted to *talk boat* a little, though it be slightly amiss, and run out to a hawse; and as a foot of kinked spun yarn is allowed for romancing, we shall e'en go on with our tale. Until quite recently it was a fixed rule, laid down by our most eminent marine architects, for the draughting of sailing vessels for superior speed, that the breadth of beam should exceed ⅓ the length; and the extreme width of deck shape, ⅓ of the entire length from the stem; the dead flat to lie immediately under it, and as one inch in depth, was considered sufficient for a foot in length, a flat bottom naturally resulted, accompanied with a wall side; the midship section describing a half round or barrel shape, which, continued forwards, made a long flat floor, and a full harping. The waterline was consequently extreinely round, and the stem flaring outwards gave the bows an egg like apperance. The stern, in order that the water line should be the same fore and aft, was suddenly tucked up, and the transom narrowed down to almost nothing. Hence you have, as our wise fathers most elegantly and scientifically expresses it, [and who by the way must be great expounders of natural history)—Fish forwards, and Fowl aft—a *foul* affair certainly—and as a spar may be towed through the water easiest with the largest end formost, so should a sail boat be a *big goose egg, butt-end on.* Now as we have no occular, or authentic evidence as to the shape or *dead rise* of Noah's vessel, except that she was an Ark of *uncertain* dimensions, notwithstanding data to the contrary, seeing there must have been contained therein space immensity, else how so many *inmates?* yet we presume it must have been something like the above description; and were we not assured it existed before the flood, we should be very much inclined to believe that *some* of our old prejudiced builders had a hand in its construction. But enough of this. As light succeeds darkness, so has symmetry and easy lines, that of ungainly bluntness. *Now*, we put our boats up almost as long on the keel as on deck; stand their stems up straight as a plumb line; set their counters with a graceful, easy flare; give them a short floor with a long, easy entrance and clearance; make them with the dead flat timber at the forward end of the well, and let all the other timbers turn on that one; let them curve in, or reversed from stem to stern, with hollow lines fore and aft, with three times the usual dead rise, little or no bilge, and a lean easing timber aft, from the formost end of the well; let the main keel lift forwards, pare the harping down to an easy curve, and with the buttick intersecting---D-timber aft, throw the extreme beam, which shall be less than one-third the length, baft of midships, and carry it aft to a wide shoal transom; let her be deep, with a good hold in the water, aft. The well should be long, so that the boat may be managed on a wind by her keel, without the assistance of a rudder. For a sloop-rigged boat, the pivot board should drop immediately baft the mast, and entirely forwards of midships. Let your mast, which should never be longer---clear of the partners---than the boat, rake aft 1 1-2 inches to the foot, which, connected with the keel, enables you to have a very long bowsprit, and a short boom and gaft, a great advantage, as a wide-footed jib will stand well flowed off, and is a lifting sail, helping a boat materially, through a heavy sea, and assisting *her in stays.* As to a long heavy boom, (to borrow a favorite expression from a *crafty* boating man, it is *far back*, or in other words, rather *ancient.* A short mast-head is neat, and does away with a great deal of spare wood aloft, as the peak halyard purchase, drawing downwards instead of upwards, is actually *easier* and less liable, in case of a premature jibe, or in heavy weather, of being *carried away.* This is assuredly the fact, notwithstanding sundry grimaces of our *old* builders to the contrary. In rigging a boat, if the well is in the right place, the mast should be stepped immediately forward of it; the sails, mainsail and jib, should balance each other, so that in a skupper breeze, the boat on a wind will not require the helm---except in *fancy work.* The writer has at present a boat so rigged, that his own *heft*, changed either to windward or leeward, will make her luff or keep off *two points*, and go in stays handsomely. A whole ebb tide has been worked out in this way, *without touching the tiller.* Even before the wind we have, by booming the jib, ran miles in a light steady breeze in the same manner. A great deal in the speed of a boat *depends in her being hung right.* Yours, truly, FLINTS.

A Word to our Sporting Friends.

Since we issued the first number of the New York Clipper, we have met with so many attentions from the sporting community and have been so liberally encouraged in our efforts to establish a paper devoted to the interests of the sporting world, that we cannot refrain from returning our hearty thanks to those who have stood by us, and assisted us, whenever the opportunity was afforded them, by furnishing us with sporting items and such other matter as is calculated to please the readers of a sporting journal. In this connection we might state that it will be our aim to aid all of our sporting friends, as far as in us lies the power. We would also remark that we can see no good reason why certain members of the pugilistic fraternity refuse to lend their aid to assist those who put up their names for benefits at Sparring Exhibitions. We have noticed, on more than one occasion, at benefits, that certain pugilists on being requested by the beneficiare, to lend a hand in order to make things go off pleasantly, would stubbornly refuse, although they were in the exhibition room at the time, and consequently could be at no loss whatever in setting-to. There is a spirit of jealousy, we fear, existing in sporting circles, which has a tendency to injure all who come under its influence. This should not be—it should be the endeavor of each to assist the other, that by so doing *all* would be benefitted in the end. Sparring seems to be growing rapidly in favor in this country, and the different exhibitions of late have been well patronised by admirers of the manly art. We hope our remarks will be favorably received, and that, hereafter, when a member of the pugilistic circle may be called upon to assist at the benefit of another, he will readily accede, and thus open the way for a mutual interchange of courtesies which will conduce to the interests of all on future occasions.

EXTRAORDINARY RACE!!
The Fire Laddies in the Field!!!

BROOKLYN WIDE AWAKE!

We understand from the most undoubted authority, that a match has been made by the members of Hook and Ladder Companies No. 1, 2, and 3, of Brooklyn, to run a mile race, with their trucks, on the Union Course, Long Island, in a few weeks, for the sum of $500. This match is creating an unusual degree of interest in the city of Brooklyn, as well as in this city, and some heavy bets have been made upon the result.

In our next we hope to be able to give full particulars, and, if possible, the articles of agreement entered into by the competing companies.

Look out for next week's Clipper.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Great Uncle Tom.

The National Theatre, the first establishment to introduce to the notice of the public the great drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the only Theatre that ever succeeded in running Barnum off the track, experiences not the slightest diminution in the attendance of those anxious to witness a correct version of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom. Katy, the Hot Corn Girl, is performed on alternate afternoons with Uncle Tom, and the new drama of "The Gambler, or Lost and Won." The Manager of this favorite establishment is untiring in his endeavors to please, and the large patronage bestowed upon his theatre shows that his efforts are duly appreciated.

Christy's Minstrels.

Novelties are the order of the evening with this favorite old established company, and night after night are the eccentricities of Jerry Bryant and our old friend Pierce, greeted with shouts of laughter and applause. The jokes of these two jolly and favorite members of Christy's company are an entertainment in themselves, apart from the beautiful singing, violin solos, banjo solos, and the many other attractions of which the programme of each evening is composed. Mr. Gould, a good musician, and a useful member of *the* Christy company, takes a benefit on Saturday evening, Feb. 18. We hope his friends will contribute to make it a real benefit.

Buckley's Minstrels.

This popular company, unable to accommodate the throngs that nightly attend at Chinese Hall, have been making an addition to their saloon, and larger audiences can now be accomodated. This fact is sufficient evidence that Buckley's Minstrels are in the ascendant.

The Melodeon.

Our friend Charley White is not behind other managers in the production of novelties; and those novelties are always of the most laughable description. Drop in at Charley White's, if you wish to get fat, for laugh you must.

The Rifle Controversy.

ACCEPTANCE OF NELSON LEWIS'S CHALLENGE.

A short time since we published a Challenge from Nelson Lewis, in reference to the manufacture of Rifles. The following is in reply thereto:

NELSON LEWIS, Esq.—SIR: It will give me much pleasure to accept your "Challenge," to match five rifles, as published Jan. 28th, with the following modifications, which I trust will commend themselves to your faverable consideration, viz:

1st. That "the shooting be done" midway between Utica and Troy.

2d. That the forfeit be $250, (instead of 100, as proposed by you,) to be placed in the hands of Gen. Dunham, of Troy.

3d. That the shooting be done within three days from the time we meet, which shall be hereafter agreed upon.

4th. That the selection of persons to use the guns be made from any place or places at the option of either party. The restriction consequently to a city or town be wholly discarded.

You will readily appreciate the propriety of the last modification, when I assure you that my only motive in accepting your challenge is, to make the guns themselves, and not the skill of the persons using them, the test of superiority; as with the restriction this end might not be obtained. Your defeat which I regard as entirely certain, unless you recede from your position, withdraw your challenge, and "acknowledge the corn," might be regarded by yourself, and friends, as the result of accomplished sportmanship, instead of the superior quality of my guns. It might also be claimed that you have been unable to select from the "City of Troy," marksmen as accomplished as those acting in my behalf, and that your defeat, therefore, be attributed to that cause alone, But paramount to all this the *acknowledged* superority of my guns over yours, would make it illiberal on my part to confine you to so narrow a limit, or availmyself of an advantage, you have thus permitted yourself, in an unguarded moment to give me.

To guard against the possibility therefore of unjust inferences, I must be permitted to *insist on absolving you from your restriction to the City of Troy;* and beg you to adopt the widest range for selection, *without limit or condition of any kind whatever; and a similar* privilege must be accorded to myself.

Permit me to add, however, that the known *inferiority of your guns*, entitles you to more liberal terms, be pleased to communicate with me at an *early* day, that such consessions may be made to you as shall render the contest equitable and fair. In view of the manifest inequality, should you not have claimed in your challenge an equivalent? The suggestion you will of course receive in kindness. The contest should be equal, and it would detract much from the satisfaction of my triumph over you to have it otherwise.

In case Mr. Lewis should see anything which is not equitable and fair in the above modifications, I offer for his considerations the following proposition. My partner, Mr Ferriss and myself will, shoot five of our Rifles, against five of your manufacture, used either by yourself or by any person or persons you may choose to select, for the sums you proposed in your challenge, and we have no objections "to make it a little more interesting" still.

Yours, Respectfully
MORGAN JAMES.

Utica, Feb. 11th 1854.

Alf Walker and Spider.

The second deposit for this fight was made on Tuesday, Jan. 17, when articles were drawn up. Alf Walker stated that many friends who promised to support him had disappointed him, and that he has some difficulty in obtaining all his money.

End of the Chapter.

Hugh Sloan, one of the principals in the late duel with fists at Chester County, Pa., and for whom the authorities of that highly moral and religious section of country have been on the scent for some time past, was arrested in Baltimore on Friday last, and while on his way to Philadelphia, he managed to slip out of the car which was going at the rate of 25 miles an hour. The Sheriff of Chester County, in whose custody he had been, *suddenly awoke*, and missing his man, had the train stopped—he then proceeded a short distance back, where Sloan was discovered lying alongside the railroad track, senseless, having been severely injured in jumping from the car while in motion. Sloan was subsequently lodged in the jail in Chester County, to await his trial. The other principal and participants in the fight were convicted a week or two since, and are now quietly serving out a short sentence. But that has nothing to do with the outlaws of Erie!

Another William Tell.

SHOOTING CHALLENGE EXTRAORDINARY.

John Travis, the well known Prof. of the pistol in New Orleans, has accepted the following remarkable challenge from Mr. Berten L. Rhodes. Rhodes bets Travis $1,000 to $800, that he (Travis) cannot, within ninety days, produce a living man, who, standing thirty six feet from the said Travis, will allow him (Travis) to shoot with a pistol, (off hand,) an apple placed on the said living man's head---the apple not to exceed four inches in circumference. The said Travis is to have three shots at the apple, and must hit the apple once to win the match. If he does not hit the apple, or if he hits the man, Rhodes wins. The match is to come off within ninety days, and within five miles of the city of New Orleans.

Molineaux.

This worthy namesake of one of the greatest pugilists that ever appeared in the Prize Ring, is proprietor of the Metropolitan Shades, 144 Concord street, Brooklyn, where the latest sporting intelligence can always be heard. There is a public sparring exhibition given on Monday and Friday evening, of each week. Molineaux gives private lessons in sparring, and those desirous of becoming acquainted with the manly art of Self Defence, cannot put themselves under a better tutor.

Johnny Walker and Hayes.

These men were to meet at Alec Keene's, Three Tuns, Moor street, Soho, London, on Wednesday Jan. 25, to increase the stakes into £20 aside. There is, we believe, no doubt that the match will go on, as Hayes's principal backer offers no opposition. We were in error last week as to the weight. There is a stipulation in the articles that neither man is to exceed 10st on the day before fighting.

The Target Army.

We intend publishing in next week's Clipper, an article on target organizations, giving the names of the companies parading during the past season, &c.

Barlow's About.

We expect some interesting matches will come off during the coming spring.

THE BALL SEASON.

Manahan's Brass Band, Grand Soiree.

We stopped in at Tammany Hall on Friday evening last, and found the room crowded. Mr. Kilfoil, Professor of the Terpsichorean Art, was present, with his lady and little daughter. The latter is but three years of age, and is a most beautiful dancer. Mr. Carroll and lady were present. The eccentricities of Mr. Cromboly kept the company in a constant roar of laughter during the evening. The lady who accompanied him was greatly admired. There were several military gentlemen in the room, among whom we noticed Captain Kennedy, of the Montgomery *Troop.* We also had the pleasure of a shake of the hand with our old friend, Ex-Alderman PATRICK BREADEN, of the Sixth Ward. He feels none the worse for his late defeat, and feels confident that there is a better day coming. He was in company with our corpulent friend of Hoboken, David Pollock, Esq., who appears to be getting young again. The floor was very ably managed by John Benson, Esq. The Ball passed off in the very best manner, and all parties were well pleased with the entertainment.

Wallace Guard.

This celebrated corps of citizen militia, will give a "Grand Presentation Soiree," on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22d. From the extensive preparations which have been made, we predict a crowded assemblage. It is to take place at the beautiful saloon of the Hudson Exchange Co., corner of 30th street and 10th Avenue, and we believe Mr. Kilford will be the master of ceremonies.

Effects of the War.

The keen perception and clear foresight which enabled Hiram Anderson, of the great Carpet Emporium, No. 99 Bowery, to secure a full supply of Carpetings from Europe, before a rise had taken place consequent upon the alarming state of affairs in Europe, also gives him the advantage at the present time of selling his goods at lower rates than other dealers. Purchasers will see at a glance how the matter stands, and as their own interests require that they should endeavor to save all they can in order to be prepared for the worst, should the prospects of a European war have a tendency to enhance the value of goods, as appears to be the case at present, we think it would be well for those in need of Carpetings, &c., to make their selections at once from the rich and unprecedented large stock now on hand at the well known Depot, 99 Bowery, where ten large salesrooms will give purchasers an opportunity to see and choose for themselves.

"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

Before the introduction of the Daguerrean Art, we would see pass from before us those with whom we had enjoyed so many pleasant hours, and with the consignment of their inanimate remains to the tomb, every recollection of the features we once prized so much, would be forever lost. Not so now—for since Messrs. Rafferty & Leask, the celebrated fashionable hatters, of No. 57 Chatham street and corner of Chatham and Pearl, have introduced to the world their excellent "Daguerrean Hat," patented and sold exclutively by them—almost every person is now convinced of the benefits conferred by the placing of Daguerreotype likenesses in hats, for should death suddenly strike down a father, brother, friend or lover, the image of the lost one is still left us to gaze upon, for the "Daguerrean Hat" contains the likeness of the wearer.

Excelsior.

Those who adopt this as their motto, and endeavor to attain a high position in society, seldom fail. Were an example necessary, we need only point to the far famed Eating Saloon of Mr. Weeks, at No. 83 Nassau-st., to prove the truth of our assertion, that a laudable ambition will enable a man to achieve wonders. Weeks' Eating Saloon is superior to all others, as the thousands who patronize it sufficiently attest. Let those who desire a good, substantial meal, such a one as will make a man happy with the world, drop in at Weeks' Excelsior Eating Saloon.

Try It,

And we have no doubt you will candidly admit that "Ned's Snug Harbor," No. 362 Broome street, is one of the best stopping places in New York. The oyster stews, fries, &c., to be had here are really of the first quality. Refreshments of all kinds can be prepared at a very short notice, and what is a great consideration, everything is clean and skilfully cooked.

Truly Valuable

Are the cosmetics prepared by Dr. Gouraud. Foremost among these, we cannot refrain from mentioning the celebrated Italian Medicated Soap, which, as a preventive or curative of chaps, chafes, freckles, &c., &c., is unrivalled. This fact can be substantiated by certificates from thousands of individuals who have been benefitted by its use. Neither should we omit to mention Dr. Gouraud's famous Liquid Hair Dye, which instantly changes light, gray, or red hair to a beautiful jet black, or glossy brown. For giving a healthy and blooming appearance to the complexion, Dr. Gouraud's Lilly White and Liquid Rouge are much used, and form part of the toilette of those desiring a youthful appearance. Any of the above preparations can be had of Dr. Gouraud, at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. PACIFIC, Colins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, Feb'y 18th, at ½ before 11 o'clock A.M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
February 11, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U S. M. S. NORTH STAR, Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday, Feb. 20, at 1 o'clock P. M.
ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.
Feb. 11, 1854.

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House.

No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.
The first and oldest established company in existence.
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The first to Harmonize Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.
THE COMPANY,
Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.

Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.

Uncle Tom, - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - - Little Cordelia Howard.

NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.
The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at the National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,
WILL BE CONTINUED
EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR
and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Roosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.
☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock

Buckley's Minstrels.

Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley.....Proprietor.
R. Bishop Buckley.....Musical Director
Admission.....25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Anatomical Museum.

No. 300 Broadway.
A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form.
Open day and Evening.
Admittance 25 cents.

MOLINEAUX HOUSE,

SPORTING HEAD-QUARTERS,
METROPOLITAN SHADES, 144 CONcord street, Brooklyn. Public Sparring every Monday and Friday evening.
N. B Private Lessons given in Sparring.

$500 REWARD.—JEFFRIES' ANtidote, a Specific Mixture for the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Strictures and similar disorders. It makes a speedy cure, without the least restriction of diet, drink, exposure, or change in application to business. The proprietor challenges a single case which the mixture will not cure, under the forfeiture of five hundred dollars. Further—the disease cannot be contracted if a dose of the mixture is taken when exposed. It is put in bottles, with full directions, at $1. One bottle lasts a week—many are cured in two days. For sale by C. H. RING, 192 Broadway; 108 Bavard st. f11 3mos

$500 REWARD.—DR. CROSSman's Specific Mixture for the cure of gonorrhœa, gleet, strictures, and analogous complaints of the organs of generation. Our object is to notify where it may be had; and the proprietor challenges a single case of gonorrhœa to be brought which the mixture will not rapidly cure under forfeit of $500. For sale by C. H. RING, 192 Broadway, corner of John street.

Unparalleled Bargains!
EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!!
At the Celebrated Largest and Cheapest
CARPET ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE UNITED STATES,
AT
HIRAM ANDERSON'S
No. 99 BOWERY,
NEW YORK.
Importer of English and French Carpets.

Buyers will find the largest Stock of Low price and medium to the most elaborate Aubusson, Moquette, Medallion, and Velvet Carpets ever offered in the world.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

Above ground, no damp Basements or Vaults under the sidewalk, to endanger the health of Lady purchasers; each Sales Room is devoted exclusively to one description of carpets. The wholesale and retail departments of this establishment have been enlarged and an addition of two extensive Sales Rooms, making a wonderful and gorgeous display.

Sales Room No. 1.

Floor Oil Cloths. An enormous stock of John Hare and Son's celebrated English oil cloths; also American floor oil cloths of magnificent Satin finish, Fresco, marble, Italian, and scroll paintings, from 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., to 9s. per yard, from 3 feet to 24 feet wide, and 90 long.

Sales Room No 2.

Ingrain Carpets. Two hundred and fifty pieces of English and American Ingrain Carpetings, all new style, manufactured expressly for this establishment.

Sales Room No. 3.

Three Ply Carpets. English, Scotch, and American Imperial Three Ply Carpeting, of our own importation; gorgeous, splendid new style of pattern

Sales Room No. 4.

Low Price Ingrain Carpets. Three hundred pieces of medium quality Ingrain carpets, beautiful, large, and small patterns, manufactured for the City trade, incredible low prices of 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., and 5s. per yard.

Sales Room No. 5.

Rugs and Druggets. English druggets 4 yards wide. 3000 yards of low priced druggets, 1 to 3 yards wide at 3s 6d to 6s per yard, also an immense assortment of mosaic landscape, Axminster, and tufted heartl. Rug; also 2000 tufted Rugs at 16s to 24s each.

Sales Room No. 6.

Stair and Hall Carpets. 50,000 yards of striped and figured Hall and Stair Carpets, at 2s, 2s. 6d., 3, 3. 6d., 4s., 5s., 6s., and 7s.

Sales Room No. 7.

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Jan. 21. 99 Bowery

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From the Portfolio of a Sportsman.

A WILD HOG HUNT IN TEXAS.

The peccary is easily distinguished from the other forest animals by his rounded, hog like form and sharp snout. Although pig shaped, he is extremely active and light in his movements. The absence of a tail—for that member is represented only by a very small protuberance or "knob"—imparts a character of lightness to his body. His jaws are those of a hog, and a single pair of tusks, protruding near the angles of the mouth, gives to him a fierce and dangerous aspect. These are more certain to be seen in the old male or "boars." The ears are short and almost buried in the long, harsh hair or bristles that cover the whole body, but are much longer on the back. These, when erected or thrown forward---as is the case when the peccary is incensed---have the appearance of a stiff mane rising all along the neck, shoulders, and back. At such times, indeed, the rigid, bristling coat over the whole body, gives somewhat of a porcupine appearance to the animal.

The peccary, as already stated, is gregarious. They wander in droves of twenty, or sometimes more. This, however, is only in the winter. In the season of love, and during the period of gestation, they are met with only in pairs ---a male and female. They are very true to each other, and keep close together. The female produces two young at a litter. These are of a reddish brown color, and at first not larger than young puppies; but they are soon able to follow the mother through the woods; and then the "family party" usually consists of four. Later in the season, several of these families unite, and keep together, partly perhaps from having met by accident, and partly for mutual protection; for whenever one of their number is attacked, all the drove takes part against the assailant, whether he be hunter, cougar, or lynx. As they use both their teeth, tusks, and sharp fore-hoofs with rapidity and effect, they become a formidable and dangerous enemy. The cougar is often killed and torn to pieces by a drove of peccaries, that he has been impudent enough to attack. Indeed, this fierce creature will not often meddle with the peccaries when he sees them in large numbers. He attacks only single ones; but their "grunting," which can be heard to the distance of nearly a mile, summons the rest, and he is surrounded before he is aware of it, and seized by as many as can get around him.

The Texian hunter, if *afoot*, will not dare to disturb a drove of peccaries. Even when mounted, unless the woods be open, he will pass them by without rousing their resentment. But, for all this, the animal is hunted by the settlers, and hundreds are killed annually. Its ravages committed upon the corn fields make them many enemies, who go after them with a desire for wholesale slaughter. Hounds are employed to track the peccary and bring it to bay, when the hunters ride up and finish the chase by their unerring rifles. A flock of peccaries when pursued, will sometimes take shelter in a cave or cleft of the rocks, one of their number standing ready at the mouth. When this one is shot by the hunter, another will immediately rush out and take its place. This too being destroyed, will be replaced by a third, and so on until the whole drove have fallen. Should the hounds attack the peccary while by themselves, and without the aid and encouragement of the hunter, they are sure to be "routed," and some of their number destroyed. Indeed, this little creature, of not more than two feet in length, is a match for the stoutest bull-dog! I have myself seen a peccary (a caged one, too) that had killed no less than six dogs of bull and mastiff breed---all of them considered fighting dogs of first-rate reputation.

My first introduction to the peccary was of such a remarkable character, that I am not likely to forget the event. It gave me, among the frontier settlers of Texas, the reputation of a "mighty hunter," though how far I deserved that name the reader may judge for himself.

I was for some weeks the guest of a farmer or "planter," who lived on Trinity Bottom. We had been out in the "timber" several times, and had killed both bear, deer, and turkeys, but had not yet had the luck to fall in with the peccary, although we never went abroad without seeing their tracks or some other indications of what my friend termed "peccary sign." The truth is that these animals possess the sense of smell in the keenest degree; and they are usually hidden long before the hunter can see them or come near them. As we had gone without dogs, of course we were not likely to discover which of the nine hundred and ninety-nine hollow logs passed in a day, was the precise one in which the peccaries had taken shelter. I had grown very curious about these creatures. Bear, I had often hunted---deer, I had driven; and turkeys I had both trapped and shot. But I had never yet killed a peccary; in fact, had never seen one. I was therefore very desirous of adding the tusk of these wild boars to my trophies of the chase.

My desires were gratified as soon as I expected, and to an extent I had never dreamt of; for in one morning, before tasting my breakfast---I caused no less than nineteen of these animals to utter their last squeak! But I shall give the details of this "feat" as they happened.

It was in the autumn season---the most beautiful season of the forest---when the foliage obtains its tints of gold, orange, and purple. I was a-bed in the house of my friend, but was awakened out of my sleep by the "gobbling" of wild turkeys that sounded close to the house. Although there was not a window in my room, the yellow beams streaming in through the chinks of the log wall, told me that it was after sun up, as they phrase it in Texas. I arose, drew on my garments and hunting habiliments, took my rifle, and stole out. I said nothing to any one, as there was no one---neither "nigger" nor white man---to be seen stirring about the place. I wanted to steal a march upon my friend, and show him how smart I was, by bagging a fat young "gobbler" for breakfast.

As soon as I had got round the house, I saw the turkeys---a large "gang" of them. They were out in an old cornfield, feeding upon such of the seeds as had been dropped in the corn gathering. They were too far off for my gun to reach them, and I entered among the corn-stalks to get near them. I soon perceived that they were feeding towards the woods, and that they were likely to enter at a certain point. Could I get there before them, I should be able to get a shot. I therefore made a circuit, and ran with all my speed to the point. I arrived there in time, and crouching down behind a log, awaited their coming. They soon appeared, and I was about to fire, when I perceived that they were not alone. Behind them, and following in their footsteps, were a number of animals that I knew to be peccaries. I had not counted upon these, and was undecided what to do. I was afraid that the report of my gun would drive away the turkeys, and I should lose my breakfast. I was not long in coming to a resolution. I would fire at the peccaries, and trust to my heels for safety. I had my hunting knife in my belt, and my rifle was loaded with a heavy charge of buck-shot. I could load it again before the peccaries could reach me, and I should have time enough to climb a tree, should they show fight.

I had not been in this position over a minute, I should think, when a slight rustling among the leaves attracted my attention. I looked and saw, issuing from under the rubbish, the long body of a snake. As yet, I could not see its tail, which was hidden by the grass: but the form of the head and the peculiar chevron-like markings of the body, convinced me it was the "Banded Rattlesnake" (*Crotalus Duressus.*) It was slowly gliding out into some open ground, with the intention of crossing to a thicket upon the other side. I had disturbed it from the log, where it had no doubt been sunning itself; and it was now making away from me.

My first thought was to follow the hideous reptile, and kill it: but reflecting that if I did so I should expose myself to the view of the turkeys, I concluded to remain where I was, and let it escape. I watched it slowly drawing itself along---for this species makes but slow progress---until it was near the middle of the glade, when I again turned my attention to the birds, that had now advanced almost within range of my gun. I was just getting ready to fire, when a strange noise, like the grunt of a small pig, sounded in my ears from the glade, and again caused me to look in that direction. As I did so, my eyes fell upon a curious little animal just emerging from the bushes. Its long, sharp, snout---its pig like form---the absence of a tail---the high rump, and whitish band along the shoulders, were all marks of description which I remembered. The animal could be no other than a peccary. As I gazed upon it with curious eyes, another emerged from the bushes, and then another, and another, until a good sized drove of them were in sight.

The rattle-snake, on seeing the first one, had laid his head flat upon the ground; and evidently terrified, was endeavoring to conceal himself in the grass. But it was a smooth piece of turf, and he did not succeed. The peccary had already espied him; and upon the instant his hinder parts were raised to their full height, his mane became rigid, and the hair over his whole body stood erect, radiating on all sides outwards. The appearance of the creature was changed in an instant, and I could perceive that the air was becoming impregnated with a disagreeable odor, which the incensed animal emitted from its dorsal gland. Without stopping longer than a moment, he rushed forward, until he stood within three feet of the body of the snake.

The latter, seeing he could no longer conceal himself, threw himself into a coil and stood upon his defence. His eyes glared with a fiery lustre; the skirr-r of his rattles could be heard almost incessantly; while with his upraised head he struck repeatedly in the direction of his enemy. These demonstrations brought the whole drove of peccaries to the spot, and in a moment a circle of them had formed around the reptile, that did not know which to strike at, but kept launching with his head recklessly in all directions. The peccaries stood with their backs highly arched and their feet drawn up together, like so many angry cats, threatening and uttering shrill grunts. Then one of them, I think the first that had appeared, rose suddenly into the air, and with his four hoofs held close together, came pounce down upon the coiled body of the snake. Another followed in a similar manner, and another, and another, until I could see the long carcass of the reptile unfolded, and twisting over the ground. After a short while it lay still, crushed beneath their feet. The whole squad then seized it in their teeth, and tearing it to pieces, devoured it almost instantaneously.

From the moment these peccaries had appeared in sight I had given up all thoughts about the turkeys. I had resolved to send my leaden messenger in quite a different direction. Turkeys I could have at almost any time; but it was not every day that peccaries appeared. So I "slewed" myself round upon the log, raised my rifle cautiously, "marked" the biggest "boar" I could see in the drove, and fired.

I heard the boar squeak (as so did all of them,) and saw him fall over, either killed or badly wounded. But I had little time to tell which, for the smoke had hardly cleared out of my eyes, when I perceived the whole gang of peccaries, instead of running away, as I had expected, coming full toward me!

In a moment I was surrounded by a dark mass of angry creatures, leaping widely at my legs, uttering shrill grunts and making their teeth crack like castanets.

I ran for the highest part of the log, but this proved no security. The peccaries leaped up on it and followed. I struck with the butt of my clubbed gun, and knocked them off; but again they surrounded me, leaping upward and snapping at my legs until hardly a shred remained of my trousers.

I saw that I was in extreme peril, and put forth all my energies. I swept my gun wildly around me; but where one of the fierce brutes was knocked over, another leaped into his place, as determined as he. Still, I had no help for it and I shouted at the top of my voice, all the while battling with desperation.

I still kept upon the highest point of the log, as there they could not all come around me at once; and I saw that I could there better defend myself. But even with this advantage, the assaults of the animals were so incessant, and my exertions in keeping them off so continuous, that I was in danger of falling into their very jaws from exhaustion. I was growing weak and wearied, I was beginning to despair for my life, when on winding my gun over my head, in order to give force to my blows, I felt it strike against something behind me. It was the branch of a tree, that stretched over the spot where I was standing. A new thought came suddenly into my mind. Could I climb the tree, I knew that I should be safe. I was a tolerably good climber, and had often ascended trees for the purpose of reaching the nests of wild turkeys. I therefore resolved to make the attempt. I had no time to lose, for the peccaries were becoming more furious every moment. Their numbers were increasing, and I could see that they were preparing to make a general rush upon me. I therefore sprang upon the branch, and with a vigorous effort swung myself into the tree. I drew a long breath, and with all the strength that remained in my body sprang upward. I succeeded in getting upon the limb, and the next moment I had crawled along it, and sat close in by the trunk. I breathed freely---I was safe. It was long before I thought of anything else than resting myself. I remained a full half-hour before I moved in my perch. Occasionally I looked down at my late tormentors. I saw that instead of going off, they still remained upon the scene. They ran around the root of the tree, leaping up against its trunk, and tearing the bark with their teeth. They kept constantly uttering their shrill, disagreeable grunts; and odor, resembling the smell of garlick, which they emitted from their dorsal glands, almost stifled me. I saw that they showed no disposition to retire, but, on the contrary, were determined to make me stand a siege.

Now and then they passed out to where their dead comrade lay upon the grass, but this seemed only to bind their resolution, for they always returned again, grunting as fiercely as ever.

I had hopes that my friend would be up by this time, and would come to my rescue; but it was not likely neither, as he would not "miss" me until I had remained long enough to make my absence seem strange. As it was, that would not be until after night, or perhaps far in the next day. It was no unusual thing for me to wander off with my gun, and be gone for a period of at least twenty hours.

I sat for hours on my painful perch; now looking down at the spiteful creatures beneath; now bending my eyes across the great corn-field, in hopes of seeing some one. At times the idea crossed my mind, that even upon the morrow I might not be missed!

I might perish with hunger---with thirst: I was suffering from both at the moment; or even if kept alive, I might become so weak as not to be able to hold on to the tree. My seat was far from being an easy one. The tree was small---the branch was slender. It was already cutting into my thighs. I might, in my feebleness, be compelled to let it go, and then——. These reflections were terrible; and as they came across my mind, I shouted to the highest pitch of my voice, hoping it would be heard.

Up to this time I had not thought of using my gun, although, clinging to it instinctively, I had brought it with me into the tree. It now occurred to me to fire it, in hopes that my friend or some one might hear the report.

I balanced myself on the branch as well as I could, and loaded it with powder. I was about to fire it off in the air, when it then occurred to me that I might as well reduce the number of my enemies. I therefore rammed down a ball, took aim at the forehead of one, and knocked him kicking over.

Another idea now rose in my mind, and that was, that I might serve the whole gang as I had done this one. His fall had not frightened them in the least: they only came nearer, throwing up their snouts and uttering their shrill notes; thus giving me a better chance of hitting them.

I repeated the loading and firing. Another enemy the less. Hope began to return. I counted my bullets, and held my horn up to the sun. There were over twenty bullets, and powder sufficient. I counted the peccaries. Sixteen still lived, with three that I had done for. I again loaded and fired---loaded and fired---loaded and fired. I aimed so carefully each time, that out of all I missed only one shot. When the firing had ceased, I dropped down from my perch in the midst of a scene that resembled a great slaughter-yard. Nineteen of the creatures lay dead around the tree, and the ground was saturated with their blood.

The voice of my friend at this moment sounded in my ears, and turning, I beheld him standing, with hands uplifted and eyes like a pair of saucers. He was astounded.

From Bell's Life, January 8.

ENGLAND v AMERICA.

MR. EDITOR: I can scarcely conceive that your talented and courteous correspondent, "A Yachtsman," is serious in giving what he calls the grounds for his persuasion that all improvements in our shipping are copies of Yankee notions, and that all our vessels, even when so improved, are beaten by their great transatlantic originals. Let us just look at his "grounds" *seriatim*. First, he builds his theory on the unstable foundation of the "published performances" of the Sovereign of the Seas. If he means her performances as published in the *Illustrated London News* of the 16th July last, allow me, Mr. Editor, with submission, to state my conviction from internal evidence that that account is not to be relied on; and until they are proved by some more accurate date, I cannot, with "A yachtsman," jump to the conclusion that no English ship is her equal. That no ship, whether English or foreign, ever equalled her "published performances," I am quite prepared to admit. By way of a practical test of their accuracy and the speed of the Sovereign of the Seas, I am prepared with the spirit, though not the means of the sporting Yankee merchants of last Spring, to back the Marco Polo to perform two consecutive voyages to Australia and back in less time than the Sovereign of the Seas---taking the voyage each vessel is now making as the first of such voyages; and I am also prepared to bet that the average speed of the Sovereign will not in these two voyages come within five knots per hour of her averages, as shown by her published performances above mentioned. I am not a rich man, and know nothing of either vessels, except from what I read; but such is my confidence in English vessels, and my distrust of American "bounce," that I am prepared to lay £5 on each event. I inclose my card, in confidence, as a proof of my sincerity, and perhaps "A Yachtsman," or some of the sporting Yankees who issued the £10,000 challenge mentioned in my last, will condescend to accept my humble wager—you, Mr. Editor, to be stakeholder and referee. The "Yachtsman's" next strong hold is the Great Republic; and here again I suspect that he is too by easily seduced flaming newspaper rumors. Let us wait till we see this Mammoth, and *then*, if defeated, cower under her gigantic shadow. I recollect the time when the advent of the New York and Bremen line of packets was triumphed forth. They were all alleged to be upwards of 5,000 tons, and of unparalleled speed and beauty. At last the Washington, Hermann, Humboldt their appearance and speed—one glance in the Southampton docks is sufficient to convince the most sceptical on both points. "A Yachtsman" has forgotten to adduce, as a further illustration of his views, the celebrated "Ericsson of New York;" and yet she was more highly praised, *till tried* and found wanting, than the Sovereign of the Seas, or the Great Republic; and what has become of her? And now, as "A Yachtsman" says, for yachting. Is he aware, that in the race of which he speaks as that in which the America beat all the crack (?) vessels with absurd facility, the Aurora, a cutter of less than 50 tons, and which, I believe, has never won a race, was but 16 minutes astern of the America, and that the wind was so light that only these two vessels got round the island at all. Can "A Yachtsman" be sincere in calling the poor little Mosquito, of 50 tons, "an awkward fact," when opposed to his favorite America of 170; and does he admit that in the match of 1852 the Volante, also of 50 tons, should have been but for an accident, "close behind the America" in a race of 80 miles and upwards, of eight hours? If he really considers these two 50 tons vessels formidable competitors for the Yankee of 170, I need say no more in praise of an English build. I content myself with saying, as I think, that if we pleased we could build a 170 ton vessel to beat the America, and that, the performances of the latter, as compared with that of the Mosquito and Volante, go far in warranting my opinion. If after what he himself says of the two latter vessels, he still "adheres" to his notion that *all* our recent clippers are built or suggested by the America, I have nothing more to say. Out of those he names, the Arrow, Phantom, Vampire, and Kitten are built on the old deep-keeled heavy ballasted system; five of the others have proved themselves to be anything but fa and this reduces the list to the Gloriana as the only really Americanized winner, and the match she won this year was against two vessels also Americanized, and therefore proves nothing at all to *our* purpose; which last paragraph I would recommend to the serious study of "A Yacht Owner," who raised his voice in your last paper against my description of the Titania. If he will make diligent inquiry as to the maiden performance of that vessel at Cowes, I think he will be surprised. I know what the facts were; but as the vessel was beaten in her only match, and is now burnt, it is not worth while to enter into them.---Yours, &c.,

A SHIP CARPENTER.

Can such things be?

The following startling disclosures in relation to abuses in the Fire Department, we copy from the Mercury of Sunday last. If the facts are as stated, it is time the Fire Department took some action on the subject, for if these things are allowed to continue, the good name our firemen have heretofore sustained, will give place to well grounded suspicions. Our friend of the Mercury is well posted up in affairs of the Fire Department, and we do not see that there is any reason to doubt his statement, but at all events we hope the Department will inquire into it, and place the real facts before the public,

At the burning of the ship *Great Republic*, we were standing on the forward portion of her deck, employed when not needed for duty, in watching the operations going on around us. Capt. ELLIS, Agent of the Board of Underwriters, was working with manly energy to protect the vessel under his charge, and at that time the prospects were very fair that the fire whould be extinguished without damaging the vessel's hull, provided the firemen worked with the same energy that had so far characterized their proceedings. While the captain was standing within a few feet of us, an officer of an engine company, having his cap on and with a trumpet under his arm came up to him and commenced a conversation by saying that "the boys" were pretty well worked out, and couldn't stand it much longer, and he should be compelled shortly to take up. To this Mr. Ellis replied by stating that he had authorized one of the engineers—we think Mr. Carson himself—to order whatever refreshments were needed for the firemen; that he (the officer) could take his company to any hotel, and order just as much to eat, drink, and smoke, as they pleased, and send the bill to him—the only favor being asked that the engines be kept to work. To this the officer demurred, and just at that moment we were called off in another direction, and lost sight of the pair. Shortly after we made it our business to search out Capt. ELLIS, and from his lips we learned that *money* was demanded, or else the engine would be stopped. He received a bit of our mind on the subject, and we left him pretty well satisfied that all other attempts to extort money from him would be labor lost.

We learn from good authority, that at the fire in the Messrs. Harpers' establishment, one of the firm requested an officer to keep a stream on the ruins, promising to remunerate him and his companions well for their trouble. They refused to even allow the hose to remain on the ground unless a specify bargain was made—which said bargain was made and *four hundred dolars!* paid down for the service. A more downright swindle never was perpetrated, save at the Dormus & Nixon fire, corner of Liberty and Nassau-streets, where three firemen obtained each $25 in advance for getting a large safe out of the ruins and then coolly walked off, leaving the firm to get it out as the best could.

At the steamer *Cherokee* fire, the Steamship Company never paid less than $500 to different gangs of loafers who came in their office, and refused to go out unless paid $10 each for *overwork* as firemen. One chap got $40 for himself and three others, and $10 to provide refreshments. He very cavalierly vamosed with the $50 in his pocket, and his companions had to be paid over again by the Steamship Company.

Week before last, at the fire in Franklin st., near the French Church, we were ordered into the front building, the upper part of which was already in flames. It was a wooden three-story and attic building, and was occupied by a dozen poor families. The fire was so sudden and threatening that, from the look of the apartments, the occupants barely had time to snatch their children and run. In one of the rooms, occupied by a washerwoman, were a lot of pocket and neck handkerchiefs, of silk and linen, neatly washed, ironed, and ready to take home. What was our surprise to see a fireman, in full uniform, stuffing his pockets with the poor woman's trust property! We waited until he went into a front room, and there we spied him trying to hide under his coat a little Dutch clock, belonging to a poor tailor, whose work lay on the bench he had quitted when the fire broke out. We then thought it time to interfere, and accordingly we notified him that he must not attempt to carry the articles out of the house. With considerable grumbling, he threw them down, but we felt satisfied that, as soon as our backs were turned, he went into the room and got them again.

At the Nassau and Fulton-street fire, five firemen had the impudence to charge a man $150 for getting out a small safe, which took some three or four hours labor, and had it not been for the interposition of friend, who told him the charge was a downright robbery, advising him, at the same time, to see the chief engineer on the subject, he would have paid the amount. The foreman of the company to which the writer is attached, while standing in front of this fire, was accosted by a fellow foreman, who asked him is he had got a coat. He was answered in the negative, when the latter said—"I made one good enough: it fits nice, don't it,' at the same time surveying his prize with admiration. That same

The above are a few of the cases that have come under the writer's personal notice within a few weeks. They reveal facts which cannot be disputed, and which demand a severe remedy. No fire of any magnitude can occur up-town or down-town but a party of vagabonds make the pretext to swindle those who have already lost considerable property, and who put faith in the statements made to them by men belonging to the department.

MY FIRST AND LAST NIGHT IN LONDON.

It was in the fall of 18—, that the ship to which I belonged, after a voyage of four months in the northern Atlantic, hove in sight of the Sicily Islands, and, as we were bound for London, shaped our course up the channel, and, in a few days, were anchored in the Downs. Having been short of provisions for some time back, we were obliged to stay and replenish.—The next day, however, we were towed up the river, and entered the Commercigl Dock, on the 26th of October, 18—. It was a grand sight to me, for I had never been in London, and the city seemed to me like the world, in comparison to my humble village in the west of England. We were to be paid off on the morrow, and I determined, as soon as I was at liberty, to take a stroll to see some of the sights I had so often heard of. At twelve the next day, all hands proceeded to Leaden-hall street, and received, severally, the amount due them. There were just ten pounds coming to me, and I started off to see how I could best make it conducive to my pleasure. I had been strolling round for some time, looking at the Tower, and other places of note, and finally walked into one of the parks, to see what I could of the London fashions. I was leaning against a tree, watching a party which attracted my attention, when I was suddenly accosted by a female, apparently about eighteen or twenty, neatly dressed, and with an expression which, although pleasing, seemed somewhat sad.

'What is it you wish, my good lady?' said I.

She looked at me a moment, and said:

'You are a sailor, I suppose?'

'Yes.'

'How long have you been in London?'

'I arrived yesterday.'

'Have you been here before?'

'Never.'

'Well, then, perhaps I can be of some assistance to you. Suppose we take a cab and drive to Vauxhall this evening?'

I hesitated for a moment, for I thought to myself, she no doubt thinks I have plenty of money, and wishes to obtain a share. But then, again, I thought, it makes no difference: I'll spend it anyhow: and consented.

She called a cab; and, in a short time we were at Vauxhall. I pulled out my purse to pay the driver, when she anticipated me, and said—

'Never mind, sir—I have plenty—besides, I invited you here, therefore I bear all expenses.'

I was astonished, for I never doubted but that my money was the principal attraction, and I was puzzled to think what could be her object.

After ordering some refreshments, of which she eat and drank very little, but which she insisted upon paying for, we strolled along the garden, listening to the music, until towards evening, when I remarked it would be best to return.

'Yes, it will soon be dark, and we had better go. But,' said she, 'you are a stranger in London, and it would be folly for you to look for a hotel to-night—and besides, it would be ungenerous in me to allow you to. I reside in——street, and if you will accept a room in my house, you will be perfectly welcome, and my husband, who is fond of company, will be glad to see you.'

While hesitating, she called a cab, and half forced me in.

When the cab stopped we got out, and I found myself in a narrow street, dimly lighted, and before a large brick house, with iron railings in front.

She opened the door, and asked me to sit down a moment, when she went in a room close by, and returned almost immediately, and said: 'My husband has retired; I'll introduce you to him in the morning. Here is a light—take the room at the head of the stairs. Good night.'

I went up stairs to the room she had pointed out, opened the door and went in. It was furnished, you may say, richly. The bed stood in the further corner, with blue damask curtains in front. I undressed quickly, as I was somewhat tired by my day's adventure, walked to the bed and drew aside the curtains, and there lay a man, weltering in his blood, with his throat cut from ear to ear. It would be in vain to attempt to describe my feelings. I immediately dressed myself, with a presence of mind which I have never been able to account for. I then tried to open the door, which, to my horror, I found was locked. Glancing around the room, my eye fell upon the irons in the fire place. I snatched one up, and with one stroke broke the lock and opened the door. Running down the stairs, I found the front door fastened also. Having nothing to break the lock with, I darted into the first room I came to, and jumped from the window into an alley on the side of the house, and had merely time to conceal myself, when I heard the people round crying murder, and saw the very woman that I came with, followed by several of the police, enter the house, thinking, I suppose, of course she would find me. I left as soon as the crowd gathered round, and passed out unnoticed.

The next morning I was reading the paper, and almost the first thing which attracted my attention was a notice of a bloody murder in———street, with the reward of fifty pounds for the apprehension of the murderer. It went further, and, in the description of the supposed person, described me better than I could have done myself—even to the manner in which I wore my beard. The first barber's shop received that gratis; and changing my clothing, which was also minutely described, I went down to the docks, and the barque——being a hand short, I shipped in her for New York, and have never since, nor ever wish to spend another night in London.—N. O. Delta.

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STATE OF NEW YORK.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ALBANY, January 21, 1854. To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that a Special Election is to be held in this State on the third Wednesday of February next, (February 15th, 1854,) to determine whether the people will approve or reject a certain proposed amendment to the Constitution of this State, embodied in a concurrent resolution of the Legislature, of which the following is a copy—

CONCURRENT RESOLUTION PROPOSING AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the following amendment be proposed to the Constitution of this State, and referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and be published for three months previous to making such choice, in pursuance of the provisions of the first section of the thirteenth article of said Constitution.

Substitute for section three of article seven, the following—

After paying the said expenses of collection, superintendence and repairs of the Canals, and the sums appropriated by the first and second sections of this article, there shall be appropriated and set apart in each fiscal year, out of the surplus revenues of the Canals, as a sinking fund, a sum sufficient to pay the interest as it falls due, and extinguish the principal within eighteen years, of any loan made under this section, and if the said sinking fund shall not be sufficient to redeem any part of the principal at the stipulated times of payment, or to pay any part of the interest of such loans as stipulated the means to satisfy any such deficiency shall be procured on the credit of the said sinking fund. After complying with the foregoing provisions, there shall be paid annually out of said revenues, into the treasury of the state, two hundred thousand dollars, to defray the necessary expenses of government. The remainder shall, in each fiscal year, be applied to meet appropriations for the enlargement and completion of the Canals mentioned in this section, until the said Canals shall be completed. In each fiscal year thereafter, the remainder shall be disposed of in such manner as the Legislature may direct; but shall at no time be anticipated or pledged for more than one year in advance.

The Legislature shall annually, during the next four years, appropriate to the enlargement of the Erie, the Oswego, the Cayuga, and Seneca Canals, and to the completion of the Black River and Genesee Valley Canals, and for the enlargement of the locks of the Champlain Canal, whenever from delapidation or decay it shall be necessary to rebuild them, a sum not exceeding two millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The remainder of the revenues of the Canals for the current fiscal year in which such appropriation is made shall be applied to meet such appropriation; and if the same shall be deemed insufficient, the Legislature shall, at the same session, provide for the deficiency by loan. The Legislature shall also borrow one million and five hundred thousand dollars, to refund to the holders of the Canal revenue certificates, issued under the provisions of chapter four hundred and eighty-five of the laws of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, the amount received into the treasury thereon. But no interest to accrue after July first, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, shall be paid on such certificates. The provisions of section twelve of this article, requiring every law for borrowing money to be submitted to the people, shall not apply to the loans authorized by this section. No part of the revenues of the Canals, or of the funds borrowed under this section, shall be paid or applied upon, or, in consequence of any alleged contract made under chapter four hundred and eighty-five, of the laws of the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, except to pay for work done or materials furnished, prior to the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two. The rates of toll on persons and property transported on the Canals shall not be reduced below those for the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, except by the canal board with the concurrence of the Legislature. All contracts for work or materials on any Canal shall be made with the person who shall offer to do or provide the same at the lowest price, with adequate security for their performance.

Very respectfully, yours,
ELIAS W. LEAVENWORTH,
Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, Jan. 24th, 1854.

The above is published pursuant to the notice to the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JOHN ORSER,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. ja39 te

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